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The Friendship of
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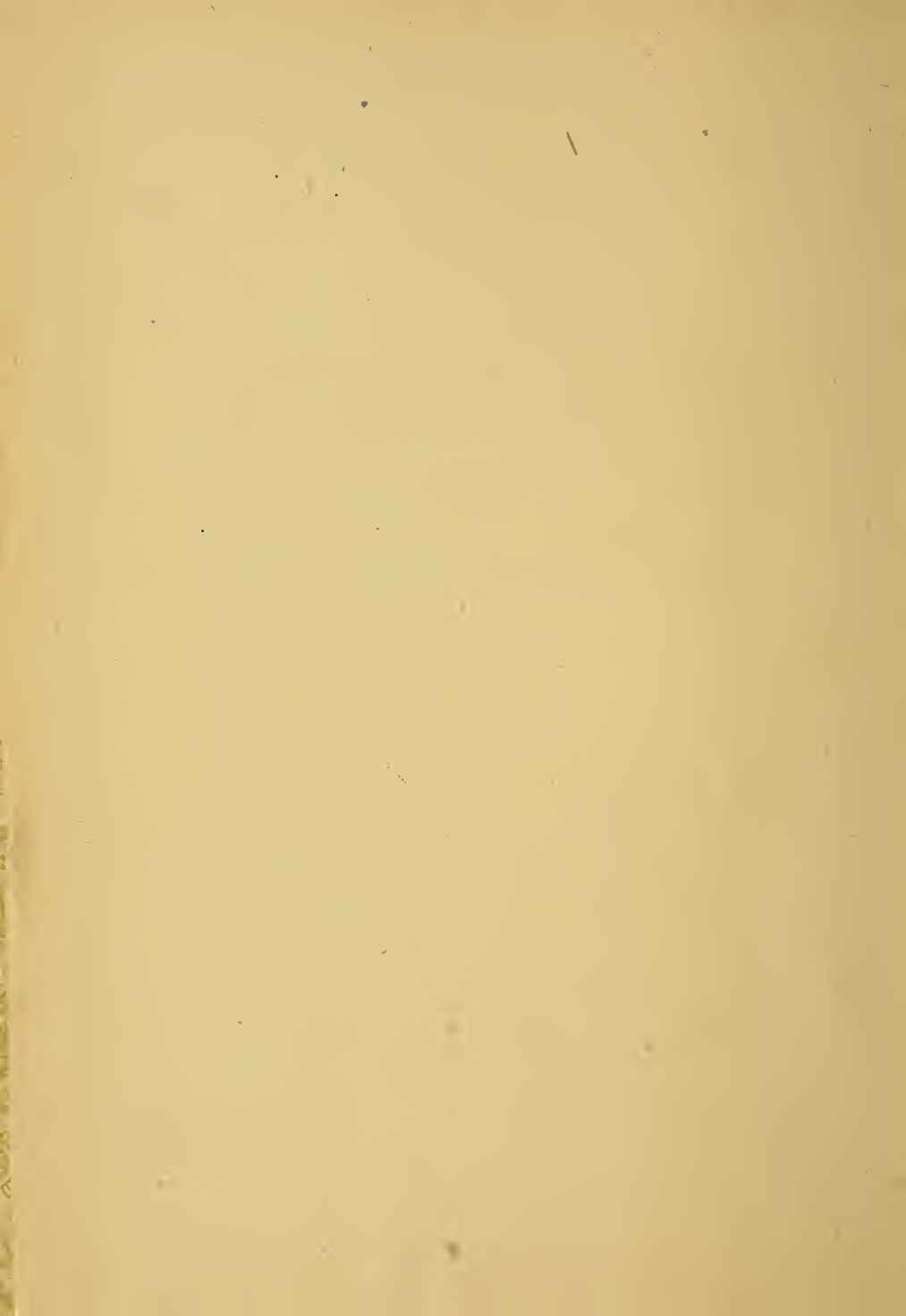
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







THE FRIENDSHIP OF
LEARNING

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

HARMON SEELEY BABCOCK.



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THE NEW ENGLAND FANCIER,
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EXPLANATORY.



This volume, with a few exceptions, is composed of poems delivered on public occasions and those which, from time to time, have appeared in various publications. As an occasional poem should be judged not only by its literary merit but also by its appropriateness to the time and circumstances of its delivery, a brief account of the four poems of this class seems to be necessary.

“The Friendship of Learning” is founded upon an incident of the Franco-Prussian War and was delivered August 29th, 1882 at the annual convention of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, held in Cincinnati, Ohio. The Hon. Albert G. Porter, then Governor of Indiana and since called to higher official station, was the orator of the occasion.

“Among the Books” was delivered at the opening of the Watchemoket Public Library in Chedel Block, East Providence, R. I., January 1st, 1886.

“St. George” was delivered in the First Baptist Meeting House, in Providence, R. I., Tuesday June 19th, 1888, before the Alumni Association of Brown University. The late Benjamin F. Thurston, Esq., delivered the oration, a thoughtful, scholarly effort, worthy of the man and the occasion.

“Non Omnis Moriar” was delivered at the High School

Reunion, held at Lee, Mass., July 13th, 1892, in honor of Abner Rice, A. M., who for thirty consecutive years had been the principal of the school and who had just severed his connection therewith.

Concerning the other poems no extended explanation is necessary. "Two Heroes" is based upon a newspaper item:—"John and Michael Sullivan, while attempting to replace a rail upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, were struck by the engine and killed. The men were married and leave families." The dome and towers alluded to in "Across the Waters Blue" are the gasometer and the Rhode Island Hospital as seen from Tockwotten Street, near the Old Ladies' Home, in the City of Providence. "The Seven Sisters" is a popular name for a climbing rose, as, it is trusted, will be obvious from the poem. The first line in "Recoupment" is taken from the first sonnet in "The Village Picnic and other Poems" by Hon. Thomas Durfee, Ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Rhode Island. "Plainfield Street" is the main street in Plainfield, Connecticut.

H. S. BABCOCK.

East Providence, R. I., Jan., 1893.



THE FRIENDSHIP OF LEARNING.



Through mingled rain and snow and hail,
Through gusts of wind that sob and wail
Like spirits doomed by night to stray
And ever shun the light of day,
Through wintry air that stings like bees,
Through surges of night's blackest seas,
Two student soldiers—who their books
And peaceful alcoves, quiet nooks
Within fair Learning's ancient hall,
Deserted at their country's call,
And grasped the sword with eager hand,
Inspired with love of fatherland
And hatred deep of haughty France—
Are struggling on. Just in advance
They catch a cheerful gleam of light
That shines, like some fair star of night,
Through ruddy glowing window panes,
As welcome to their anxious eyes
As was that star they saw arise
Who watched by night on Eastern plains,—
That star which led them on their way
To where the infant Saviour lay,—
To them a harbinger of rest,
A welcome to the coming guest,

A prophecy of blazing wood
Upon the ample hearthstone piled,
Of table spread with tempting food,
With gleaming glass and silver bright,
With fragrant wine, through which the light
In rosy hues streamed o'er the floor,
Of pleasant interchange of thought,
Where wit and wisdom tributes brought
And added to the common store,
Where in a generous rivalry
They might each with the other vie
And night with joyance be beguiled.
From thoughts like these new courage springs
The fury of the storm to breast,
To gather from its icy wings
The cheering hope of present rest,
To conquer intervening space
And quickly gain the wished for place.

Before the heavy door they stand,—
In Prussia's royal name demand
Admission, shelter, food and fire,
Unmindful of the rising ire
Which bids them enter just because
The power of Prussia overawes;
Because the host dare not refuse
And not because they welcome are,
He does that which he would not choose,
Removes the solid oaken bar,
The door throws open to his guests,
Whose race he bitterly detests.

They enter, only to be met
With formal words and phrases set
To cold and empty compliment,
Which scarce conceal their true intent.
The bright and cheerful room was there,
The blazing fire with ruddy glare,
The gleam of glass and silver bright,
The rainbow hues of glancing light;
But the sweet expectancy of eyes,
The welcome tones of glad surprise,
The cordial clasp of friendly hands,
They miss. Their host one moment stands,
Then to the window slowly turns,
While hatred in his bosom burns,
And looks out on the angry night
As if he found the gloomy sight
Congenial to his stormy mood.
The wind that bows the stately wood,
The fiercely driven shower of hail
That beats the earth as with a flail,
The drenching rain which dreary falls
Upon the roof—all this recalls
The words of Rome's great lyric bard,
And in a tone cold, harsh and hard,
The words of Horace he repeats:
"*Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae
Grandinis misit pater.*"

" *Ac rubente*
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
Terruit urbem," a voice replies ;

And turning with astonished eyes,
In tones which trembled with surprise,
The host demanded of his guest
If he in Horace, too, were versed.
At once to this abrupt request
By way of answer he rehearsed
The rest of the immortal ode.

Then from the window straightway strode
The now no longer angry host
And took his guests each by the hand
And welcomed them to his abode.
With viands brought from every land,
From Norway cold to India's strand,
With purple grapes in clusters fair
Grown mellow in the sunny air,
With wines of vintage old and rare
That sparkled with imprisoned light
Distilled from summer's sunshine bright,
The servants at the host's command
The table load. The feasting o'er
They treasures bring from memory's store,
Discuss the works of many a name
Emblazoned on the roll of fame,
Whose pictured prose or glowing rhyme
Defies the gnawing tooth of time.
With pleasant talk and joyous song
The hours unnoticed flit along
Till breaks the morn o'er steaming hills
Adown whose sides laugh merry rills,

Till day their conversation ends
And bids them separate as friends.

Not a vain boast was that of thine,
O Horace, when in words divine
Thou saidst, "I shall not wholly die,
For, towering to the arching sky,
A monument, which shall outlast
Enduring rock and solid brass,
O'er which the storms of time shall pass
And leave uninjured, I have raised."
Fresh voices every year have praised
Thy words of wisdom, wit and truth,
Which throb with an undying youth.
And thou, the Muses' favored son,
New laurels every year hast won,
Endeared thyself to scholars' hearts,
Enriched our life with pleasing arts,
Touched e'en the dull and commonplace
With gilding of poetic grace,
Disarmed the foe of rankling hate,
Swung open friendship's golden gate,
And taught the mind to soar above
On wings of universal love.

Dear Brother Greeks, a stronger bond
Than love for ancient classic lore
Makes each to other's heart respond
And friendship's treasures free outpour.
We, too, have read with tireless zeal

The thoughts that burn with living fire;
But, kindled at Faith's deathless torch,
Our souls aflame have mounted higher,
Beyond unaided strength of men,
Beyond the poet's widest reach,
Beyond the intellect's broad ken,
Beyond the utterance of speech,
To know love is the highest good,
To feel we are a brotherhood.



AMONG THE BOOKS.



The fire burned brightly on the hearth, a gentle
warmth diffused,
While in my easy chair I sat, and on my
volumes mused.
I read the titles on their backs, and thought of
the rich store,
The precious product of all times, the gathered
golden ore
From wisdom's unexhausted mines, where authors
delved and wrought,
And placed therein, that all might share, the
wondrous wealth of thought.
And, as I mused, I must have dozed, for
suddenly I heard

A sound among the books themselves that all
my being stirred,
A voice that rang out clear and strong, like
trumpet's martial blare,
And scattered all the misty dreams that floated
round my chair.

"I tell the tale of ancient days and men,
The vanished past through me returns again.
Once more the days of chivalry return
And mail-clad knights with love and valor burn
And traverse mountain steep or level plain
The favor of some lady fair to gain.
The Hermit Peter's voice I wake to life,
Which marshals men for weary toil and strife
To wrest the Holy Sepulchre from hand
Of infidels, restore the Holy Land—
Made sacred by our loving Saviour's feet,
Where'er they pressed the cruel stony street,
Whom wicked Jews nailed to the cursed tree
And wreaked their hellish hate on Calvary—
To Christian rule and Christian love and care,
Remove the curse that broods upon the air,
And on the sacred soil of mount and plain
To make the Rose of Sharon bloom again.
I set in order ranks of serried foes,
And on opposing shields ring showering blows,
And sounds the din of battle, shrieks and groans,
Until the air like some hurt creature moans,
Until, with madly fierce, repeated shocks,

The very earth beneath the foemen rocks,
Until the dust of conflict hides the sun,
And streams of human blood like rivers run.
The cannon's iron throat I open wide,
And through the trembling air, on every side,
A shudder runs, and then—the flash, the smoke,
The iron hail that deals its deadly stroke,
The roar of maddened lions, fierce and fell,
The widely gaping jaws of death and hell,
The victim's shriek, the curse, the sob, the prayer,
Re-echo on the circumambient air.
I bring before your gaze the savage men,
Who peopled once each shaggy mount and glen
Of those fair isles, embosomed in the sea,
The home of honest worth and courtesy,
Whence we derived our being and our arts,
Great Britain, mother-land, dear to our hearts,
As mother e'er should be to loving son,
While grass grows green and sparkling waters run.
A savage race were they in early days,
And mingled human blood with songs of praise.
I trace the steps by which the kingdom grew,
How came the Saxons with their eyes of blue,
How hardy Norsemen, sailing o'er the flood,
With Saxon mingled their own sturdy blood,
How conquering Normans came to add their part
To blood that courses through the English heart,
The rich, warm blood that fed a nation's brain,
That gave to us a Shelley's finished strain,

That 'held the mirror up to nature' when
A Shakespeare spoke of manners or of men,
That gave the world wise statesmen, rulers, kings,
Above the crime that power too often brings,
True shepherds of their people, who, to gain
Approval, human rights sought to maintain,
And better far than poet, lord or king,
Or statesmen or ought else which it could bring,
A race of honest men, sound to the core,
Whose brawn and brain the mighty empire bore,
Who dared the wrath of kings that right should be,
Who crossed a raging ocean to be free,
Who built a strong republic in the West,
And graced it with the names we all love best,
The names which have immortal glory won,
Our trinity—Grant, Lincoln, Washington."

And then there came a clapping sound of an
 applauding crowd
That cheered the speaker as she closed with
 plaudits long and loud,
A sound which seemed to say, "Well done,
 Dame History,
Great is your merit, greater worth may none
 e'er hope to see."
And then I heard another voice, in solemn,
 measured tone,
Recounting deeds that History would gladly
 make her own.

“ I find a sea within a drop, a world
Within a grain of sand, reveal to man
The mystery of life, enlarge the bounds
Of vision, enable him to weigh the stars
As in a balance, open worlds to view
That circle round some distant point
To him unknown, perhaps the throne of God.
I plunge, like plummet, to the depths of sea,
Explain the world beneath its heaving waves,
Tell how the coral insect builds the reefs
Upon which many a gallant ship is wrecked,
And which, in time, become fair sea-girt isles,
Bright, glistening stars upon the ocean’s breast.
I found a race that helpless fell before
That scourge, small-pox, and set my devotee,
The noble Jenner, its preventive
To find, and now its ruthless ravages
Are held in check, like baying hounds in leash,
Unloosed but by that brute, grim Ignorance.
I heard the cries of sufferers made mad
By bites of rabid dogs, and bade the sage
Pasteur undo the ills which they had wrought.
I find the active germs of all disease
And dissipate them, life and health insure.
Poisons by me are named and catalogued
And antidotes made known. I sweeter make
Man’s life and more secure, teach him to wield
Strange forces, make the lightning his bond-slave
To carry messages around the world

And light his home and bring to him the sound
Of distant voices. Aye, like my own Lord,
I husband time and spend the precious hours
In doing good."

Again I heard the clapping hands, the speaker
 loud approving,
And then the sound of a sweet voice, low,
 musical and moving.
I silent sat that I might lose no accent of
 this voice,
For its very tone made glad my heart and bade
 my soul rejoice.

"Let History repeat the deeds
 The valiant past has done ;
Let Science grope among the weeds
 Or pierce the blazing sun ;
They both deserve your hearty praise,
 They both deserve your care,
But I help make the brave old days
 More brave, more glad, more fair.

"I twine a wreath about the brow
 Of heroes on the field ;
For those who uncomplaining bow,
 To sorrow patient yield,
An aureole about their heads
 In rarest hues I paint,
The uncomplaining sufferer
 Transfigure as a saint.

“I bring to weary ones of earth
The solace they have missed ;
I comfort mourning hearts with joy,
Bring back the lips they kissed.
I open wide the pearly gates
That they may look within
And see their dearly loved and lost
Beyond the power of sin.

“I bring the scent of summer flowers,
When blossoms withered lie ;
I bring the gleam of sunny hours,
When snowflakes fill the sky ;
I bring the sound of purling brooks,
When voiceless as the dead ;
I bring the song of merry birds,
When the songsters all are fled.

“The scent of pines is in my breath,
Of roses in my hair ;
I sweep across the vale of death
And life seems scarce so fair.
I still the sound of angry strife,
I make the wars to cease ;
I brighter make the brightest life
And crown the reign of Peace.”

“Bravo! Bravo!” I shouted loud, “Well said
sweet Poesy,
Let History pass and Science go, if thou but
dwell with me,”

And leaping, up I found my books demurely
on their shelves,
As if they never had a thought or talked among
themselves.
Was it a dream? I cannot tell, but this I
dare to say,
That what they said or seemed to say is clear
as is the day,
And that to each, who will but look within
these gathered books,
Sweet Poesy will teach the charm of trees
and fields and brooks,
Grave Science will unfold the stores that open
vision give,
And History from records true instruct us
how to live.



SAINT GEORGE.



The lake lay sleeping in the sun; upon its banks a city
slept,
Fair as a vision of the morn, with incense-laden breezes
swept.

The sun came up, the sun went down, and bathed in light
its solid walls,

And flashing from its minarets a veil of golden splendor
falls.

A sound of revelry arose, the voice of song, the shout of
glee,

That smote the drowsy ear of night like murmurs of the
distant sea.

The flash of garments rich was there, the gleam of gems
by beauty worn,

And beakers filled with ruddy wine by careless, jewelled
hands were borne.

And eyes that dimmed the gleam of gems lured to their
fires the hearts of men,

And lips with passion throbbing through the old, old tale
there told again.

The sun came up, the sun went down; out of the silence
of the lake,

Along the glistening sandy beach, through bending reed
and pliant brake,

Up to the city's granite walls, up to the gates of iron
strength,

Leaving behind a slimy trail, the dragon drew his scaly
length.

The air grew dark and strangely chill, the tale of love
remained half-told,

The songs died on the singers' lips, the wine-cup dropped
from fingers cold.

A deadly stench from open graves, a poisoned blast, was
the dragon's breath,

And where it breathed the banquet hall became the banquet
hall of death.

The sun came up, the sun went down, and ever to the
city's gate

The dragon came, demanding blood his appetite to daily
sate.

And two by two, the daily tale, reduced the flocks within
the wall,

Until the fatal day arrived the dragon had devoured them
all.

And still he came, demanding blood ; in vain they question
his demands,

For blight of death was in his breath and powerless were
their palsied hands.

And mothers gazed upon their sons, and fathers on their
daughters gazed,

And children to their parents turned through blinding tears,
with grief amazed.

“Too dear, too dear, the sacrifice, we can not, will not
give them up.”

And yet 'twere better one should die than all should drain
the bitter cup.

And while they hesitate dismayed, the dragon breathes
his poisoned breath,

And o'er the face of those they love there steals the pallid
hue of death.

“In vain! In vain! we strive in vain! We yield, we yield,
while yet we may.

“Bring out the lot and let that choose who must be slain
for all this day.”

A gray haired man to-day is slain, a sturdy youth the
morrow calls,

A busy matron next, and then the lot upon a maiden
falls,

The king's own daughter, tall and fair, just rounding into
womanhood,

A rosebud opening to the air, sweet, lovely, innocent and
good.

“My jewels take, my golden crown,” exclaimed the king
in anguish wild,

“The wealth of all my realm I yield, but spare, oh! spare,
my only child!”

In vain the plea, for dearer far than wealth, than honor, is
the breath

That men call life, the passing shade, the spark that lights
the road to death.

All that he hath a man will give to save his life, this
fleeting breath;

And king and hind are common clay in presence of the
sovereign Death.

But some there are who Death will dare whatever form
the tyrant take,

If duty clearly points the way and life be spent for other's
sake.

Not always of heroic build, nor strong of brawn, nor
great of limb,

Are these brave souls who conquer Death and captive lead
the monarch grim,
But those whom conscience maketh brave, whose hearts
are filled with pure desire,
Whose lives are nourished from above, whose spirits glow
with living fire.
When men, like hounds beneath the lash, from king to
subject, crouched in fear,
The fair-haired daughter of the king with calmness spoke,
in accents clear;
“Shall not the daughter of a king be brave as is a peasant’s
son?
“Shall I bewail the solemn lot that bids the sacrifice be
done?
“Shall I in cowardice implore some other’s blood be spilt
for mine?
“Shall I disgrace my lineage and act the bastard of thy
line?
“Ought not a princess of the blood prove royal by her
royal deed?
“Ought she to play the craven in her people’s time of
sorest need?
“Bring forth, O Sire, the royal robe and deck me as a
sovereign’s bride;
“Today I wed a monarch great whose sceptre sways all
kings beside.”
They bring the royal robe for her, mid tears and sobs and
wailings loud,

And never was a fairier bride than she who wears her
burial shroud.

Beneath the granite wall she walks, she passes through the
iron gate ;

With heavy clang it swingeth back and shuts her out to
meet her fate.

Ah ! cruel fate, to dash life's cup from lips that found its
waters sweet

And longed to quaff a deeper draught ere time her fleeting
hours complete.

And wonder not, as thus alone the maiden passed with
heavy heart,

If sobs should shake her youthful frame and from her eyes
the tears should start.

Alone she walked, yet not alone, for veiled from darkling
human sight,

Attendant spirits cleave the air about her path on wings of
light.

His own God never leaves alone, though they deserted
seem to be ;

When angry waves would overwhelm them o'er, He makes a
pathway through the sea.

That day there chanced—ah ! witless word, there is no
chance beneath God's sway ;

What we call chance is His decree, and chances all. His
will obey.

That day there chanced a gallant knight along the smiling
lake to ride,

Who saw this maiden in distress and swiftly hastened to
her side.

“Tell me,” he cried, why fall these tears, what is the cause
of thy distress;

“Thy foes I haply may destroy, thy wrongs I surely will
redress.”

“No foes have I to be destroyed, no wrongs to be
redressed have I.

“Thy profered aid can help me not; leave me—thy life’s
in danger—fly.”

“And yet thou art in sore distress—nay, nay, beseech me
not to fly—

“With thee I choose here to remain and, if it needs must
be, to die.”

“He comes! He comes! The dragon comes! The air
is poisoned with his breath.

“Oh, hasten while there still is time; fly, fly, brave knight,
delay is death.”

He turned—the surface of the lake was troubled like a
stormy sea,

That booming hurls its yeasty waves far inland o’er the
neighboring lea.

Above the waters reared a crest, a horrid head with gaping
jaws,

And eyes that burned with lurid fires, and scaly feet with
cruel claws,

Its mouth an open sepulchre that belched forth sulphurous
smoke and flame,
A monster large and terrible that hastening shoreward
swiftly came.
And as he came the air was rent with roars that made the
earth to quake,
And caused the stoutest heart to quail and strongest limbs
in terror shake.
A moment blanched Saint George's cheek, a moment
smote his trembling knees,
And then he bowed his head in prayer and strength
implored in earnest pleas.
And then, with heaven-born courage filled, he firmly grasps
his trusty lance,
And hastens to the sandy marge to meet the monster's
swift advance.
He hurls the lance with mighty force, the steel flies hissing
from his hand,
And pierces through the monster's scales and stretches it
upon the sand.
Prone on the sand the dragon lies, as helpless as a babe in
arms,
And whimpers now the beast that erst had filled the air
with rude alarms.
"Thy girdle lend, O lady fair, a leash to lead within the
gate
"The dragon shorn of power to harm, the former menace
of thy State."

They passed the girdle round its neck, the dragon followed
like a hound ;

Beneath the wall, within the gate, this strangely glad
procession wound.

“ This day hath God deliverance sent,” Saint George
proclaimed with ringing voice ;

“ No more the beast hath power to harm, cast off thy
fears, let all rejoice.”

And in the presence of them all the knight smote off the
dragon’s head,

And, weltering there in its own blood, the monster at
their feet lay dead.

This dragon at their feet lay dead, but are all of the
dragons slain ?

Do none still come, demanding blood, are their demands
all made in vain ?

Do not we still in terror crouch whene’er the dragon
comes anear,

And offer costly sacrifice upon the altar of our
fear ?

Do not we pay the daily tale by hundreds, not by twos
as then,—

The fairest flowers of womanhood, the choicest youths
among our men ?

Does not foul lust still stalk our streets to prey upon our
daughters fair ?

Does not its putrid breath diffuse a vile corruption
everywhere ?

Does not base greed still plot with hate to nerve the arm
that plunders toil,
To fire our dwellings, spill our blood, that so our goods
they may despoil?
Does not the socialist still spread Circean filth that makes
men swine,
Content to wallow in the mire and blot from life all that's
divine?
Does not the anarchist still arm with torch and bomb, with
axe and knife,
Incite with violent harangue a mad crusade 'gainst human
life?
Does not intemperance still wage its war upon the fair and
brave?
Do not full sixty thousand men march yearly to the
drunkard's grave?
And while the dragon slays our best we fold our hands
and silence keep,
Or wake to drowsily repeat, "He giveth His beloved
sleep."
Great God! Will men, can men, sleep on, nor wake to
guard their homes and lives,
And suffer still the monster's raids upon their daughters,
sons and wives!
Has all the manly spirit fled that nerved the arm of ancient
knight?
Does valor with Saint George lie dead that thus we cower
in affright?

Awake! Awake! Too long we've slept! The dragon
crouches at the gate,
Go forth, and with the lance of truth, slay him before it is
too late.



“NON OMNIS MORIAR.”



It is midsummer and through shimmering haze
Across the prairie's wide expanse we gaze ;
The grass lies withered at our weary feet,
All curled and browned by summer's scorching heat.
In vain the eye seeks placid pool or stream
For mirrored freshness or the water's gleam.
But yonder winds a line of waving trees
Which fling green banners to each passing breeze,
On either side of which a living green
Creeps o'er the grass and tells that, all unseen,
There cooling waters flow. The trees conceal
The stream whose sinuous course they yet reveal.
Though it be hid, we know by the green ranks
Of leafy trees along its tortuous banks,
By fuller life that spreads on either hand,
The streamlet's channel through the thirsty land.
And so we know of many a fruitful life
Whose days are spent not in the noisy strife
That greets the actor on a public stage

Where plaudits ring, where an ignoble rage
For human laud gives power at least to seem,
Where all is done for glory's transient dream,
Where very weakness dons the robe of strength
And cowardice dares masquerade at length
As courage, all because in the full gaze
Of men who may bestow or blame or praise ;
But which are passed in patient toils obscure,
Steadfast, unmoved from duty by the lure
Of present glory, buoyed by cheerful hope
Of bringing light to darkness where men grope,
And, like to streams hid by the trees and grass,
That fructify the soil through which they pass,
They unobserved, in duty's sweet duress,
Seek but the opportunity to bless.

And such it seems must be the teacher's life,—
A life apart from fierce and noisy strife,
The keen and bitter struggle for supremacy,
The burning white heat of publicity,
The dusty palm, the weary robe of power,
The triumph that endures for one short hour
Pursued by plaints, though briefly filled with praise
Of humankind ; a life that rounds its days
With peaceful studies and with patient toil
Whose fruits are peace, ambition cannot spoil ;
That shapes the growing mind with tender care
And sees it bud in springtime's genial air ;
That gradually unfolds the nascent soul

As buds their petals one by one unroll
Until appear the perfect opened flowers ;
That builds up character, as men build towers,
From strong foundation to high turret stone,
Each course well laid, until the structure, grown
Into completeness, lifts its rugged head
To meet the quivering lightning without dread
Or catch the sunshine on its granite face,
Combining, as it stands in its true place,
A Titan's strength with beauty's matchless grace.

And such, indeed, has been the life of one
Who patiently has taught, through cloud and sun,
Amid these lovely scenes, for thrice ten years,
With a strong heart that counseled not with fears,
And now, arrived at the calm height of age,
Beyond, above the storms that noisy rage
In lower air, he peacefully surveys
The distance passed, the long and toilsome ways,
The path that upward, ever upward, leads
From smiling plain and broad and flowery meads,
Past height on height upreared, by his feet trod,
The sunlit pathway up the hills of God.
The light that in his youth around him shone
Illumined his daily path as he toiled on,
And still does shine with ever brightening beams
As near the source of light he catches gleams
Of that blest radiance which shall at last
Wrap him from view when earthly life is past.

He needs no granite shaft to pierce the air,
No brazen tablet wrought with dainty care,
No monument inscribed with curious art,
For on the tablet of the loving heart
Of each assembled here are written clear,
In letters that shall live in every clime,
Defy life's storms and gnawing tooth of time,
His name, his life, his love, his character.
He shall not wholly die. The supreme hour
That snatches friend from friend shall have no power
Upon him, for divinely multiplied
In other human lives still at our side
He shall live on, and in a higher sphere
God's wondrous ways of old to us make clear,
The marvel of the meal and cruse of oil
That using could not waste nor time despoil.

To-day we honor him—nay, rather, he
It is who honors us. Our words of praise,
Which gladly we with one accord here raise,
Do give but a small part of what we owe,
And were they stronger still we truly know
They would but faintly indicate his due.
If we would honor give and praises true,
We must give acts, not words, for they, indeed,
Are merit's due and honor's loyal meed ;
And only as our lives shall worthy prove,
As they are filled, like his, with heavenly love,
As they the torch, which he for us has lit,

Bear on to souls who in great darkness sit,
Can we e'er hope to pay the endless debt
We owed in youth to him and owe him yet
And through him to the world.



TO REV. L. G. H.



Through vales that heard the melody
Of Jordan on its fruitful way ;
Along the mountain-sides that gazed
On Zion's beautiful array ;
Beside the waves of Gallilee
That kiss the curving, sandy shore ;
Throughout the whole of Palestine,
The Promised Land in days of yore ;

Our Elder Brother trod the path
Of patient, loving ministry,
To preach the Gospel to the poor,
To make the hapless blind to see,
To bring to sick the strength of health,
To give the dumb a living voice,
To bless the deaf with hearing ears,
And make the dead in life rejoice.

The bonds of sin He broke for man,
The captive gave his liberty,

Threw open wide the prison door
And all the prisoners set free ;
And death, the common foe of all,
The first to awe, the last to yield,
He vanquished with imperial might,
And drove him conquered from the field.

O wondrous are these mighty works !
But words He spake more wondrous still,
That those, who do on him believe,
Who yield themselves unto His will,
Shall do the works that He has done,
The mighty works of toil and love,
An even greater works than these,
Because He reigneth now above.

Dear Brother take this cheering thought,
An inspiration for your life,
To courage give when foes assail,
To nerve your arm for sternest strife,
To follow in the narrow path
Our Master patiently has trod,
The path that ever upward leads
And ends, O blessed thought, in God.



BUSINESS.

Not like to one by invitation pressed,
But as unbidden and unwelcome guest,
Our business attends our daily walk,
Engrosses all our thoughts and all our talk,
Sits at our tables, lies upon our beds,
And shapes the dreams that float around our heads
When heavy slumber seals our weary eyes,
As night leads forth the stars through darkling skies.
We live too much with it ; our wearied powers
Need recreation in the precious hours
That from the store or office should be ours.
We all unwisely make of it an end,
Instead of means that greater power will lend
In shaping destiny, in filling life
With peace that issues out of busy strife,
In moulding character above all wrong,
Developing a manhood pure and strong.

Somewhere I've read about an aged man,
Who walked with downcast eyes through all life's span
Along the dusty highway's travelled track,
The hot sun beating on his bended back.
On either side the meadows blossomed white,
The bobolink poured forth his song's delight,
Green banners hung on all the wayside trees,
And fragrance breathed in every summer breeze ;
But neither sight nor sound nor fragrance sweet,
Nor all combined, could from the dusty street

Cause him to raise his eyes, because, forsooth,
Once in the joyous days of early youth
He found a silver dollar at his feet
Amid the dust that gathered in the street,
And once or twice or thrice, perhaps, since then
He had found money dropped by careless men.
He had his gains, but ah, at what a cost !
How paltry they compared with what he lost !
Count up the sounds and sights of field and sky
That charm the ear or gratify the eye,
The melody of birds upon the wing,
The songs through waving trees the breezes sing,
The sweep of field and slope and wooded height,
The meadows green with snowy daisies dight,
The all-embracing heaven of purest blue
Which stars, like angels' eyes, look calmly through,—
All these and more he sacrificed to gain
What, unused, ever proves man's greatest bane.

Shall we prove wiser than this foolish man,
If we leave not some space in our life's plan
To cultivate our being's noblest powers,
To pluck a flying joy from winged hours,
To eat the fat and drink the sweet of life,
To win a worthy peace from busy strife,
And nurse the buds of blessing till the hour
They burst into the bright, consummate flower ?
Then let us leave behind our office door,
Imprisoned there henceforth, forevermore,

The unwelcome guest that would our peace destroy,
Despoil us of each dear domestic joy,
Would lade the social hours with weary care,
And blight the life that should be bright and fair.



IN A CHURCH.



Through windows richly stained, the sunshine bright
Shed over all "a dim, religious light,"
In hues suggesting to enraptured eyes
The glories of the longed-for Paradise ;
The clustering pillars of the arching nave,
The vaulted roof, the wondrous architrave,
The massive altar, richly carved and decked,
All low-born, earthly motives quickly checked,
And led the human soul, in cushioned ease,
Inspiring heavenly thoughts alone to seize.

The worshippers, for such a temple meet,
Were not the toiling millions of the street,
But those who, by the accidents of life,
Can dwell apart from labor's busy strife ;
Their garments, all too fine for earthly dust,
Seemed to defy the power of moth and rust,
And shone in this sweet, artificial even
With glowing beauty, not unfit for heaven.

The voices of the choir, melodious, sweet,
Had caught the accents of the golden street
And sang celestial hymns of loving praise,
The hearts and minds of all to heavenward raise.

The preacher chose then from the Sacred Word
A text, which seemed unfitting to be heard
In this fair temple, where the soul, at rest
In great possessions, felt supremely blest,
The text, "*Ye have the poor with you always.*"
In a bewildered, groping, mental haze
I looked about to find the poor, a class
Wholly unrepresented here, alas!
And so the Saviour's words, no longer true,
Must then give way to a gospel new,
Suited to circumstances which have birth
In this new age of young Old Mother Earth,
Where for the poor is not, nor can be found,
Room anywhere upon this holy ground—
The poor whom Christ, the tender shepherd loved,
Of whom it seems, by sweet compassion moved,
He spake untruly. Then the Spirit came,
Unsealed my eyes as by a living flame,
Revealed beneath the pride and show of dress
The souls of men in naked emptiness,
Devoid of love, of faith, of prayer, of good,
To whom God was a myth, the Sacred Rood
A symbol meaningless, and Christ a name
Borne to their ears on wings of olden fame,

When worshippers believed, and prayed, and wrought,
And to His service reverently brought
A heart inflamed with love, submissive will,
And faith, that in His works beheld Him still
The Worker, turning in His mighty hand
The hearts of men as rivers in the land.
I saw the truth, and cried in holy fear,
“ Ah, yes, dear Lord ! the poor, the poor are here.”



DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

I.

O Eve, great mother of the human race,
Whose Paradise filled but a narrow place,
What owe we not to thy unselfish grace ?

The fruit thou plucked from the forbidden tree
Brought bitter toil and death and misery
And hopeless loss of Paradise to thee ;

But brought to us a noble heritage,
Despite the constant struggle we must wage
With powers of sin and darkness, age to age.

For Paradise, no longer bound by space,
Springs up for us, thy sons, in every place
Where homes are crowned with virtue and with grace.

Thy daughters still exert the mystic spell
That makes, wherever human beings dwell,
The home, to all its inmates, heaven or hell.

And these, faint types of those who in our days
Meet us in homes and in all of our ways,
Demand your gentle pity or your praise.

II.

THE MAIDEN.

A town among the hills enthroned,
A town with waving forests zoned,
A town with balsam-laden air
When breathe the summer zephyrs there,
But filled with sleet and freezing cold
When wintry winds their revels hold,
Is Glenville. There upon the hill
A church stands, plain and white and chill,
Whose spire an index finger seems
To that sweet land of which faith dreams,
Whose tolling bell a voice that calls
From God's fair city's jasper walls.
Behind this church, somewhat removed,
A pleasant country house, steep-roofed,
With ample porch for climbing vines
Upon whose pillars jasmine twines,
And o'er the door a woodbine clings
To whose green leaves the autumn brings
A flush that rivals the roses' hue,

Which daily send their fragrance through
The open windows. Here she sits
And watches the humming bird that flits
From flower to flower, a winged gem
Dropped from some royal diadem ;
Or watches the clouds go sailing by,
Aerial fleets in the azure sky,
Whose sails are spread by fairy hands
And filled by winds from fairy lands.
Oft times the rustling of the leaves
Into her summer musing weaves
A thread of gold ; she hears the song
Of angel voices borne along
The scented air, and in the west,
When sinks the weary sun to rest
Pillowed on clouds of golden hue,
She sees their gleaming wings sweep through
The portals of that city fair
Whose dazzling walls are jewels rare.

With taste and skill her hands have wrought
What visions fancy to her brought.
Into her needle glides the view
Beheld her open window through ;
Into her brush the colors glide
That nature yields on every side,
In bird and bee, in flower and tree,
In sky and lake and verdant lea,
And rocks o'er which the lichens creep,

And hills bowed in eternal sleep ;
And more, for her responsive soul
Touches with love the glorious whole
And everywhere new beauties spring
To make her work a living thing.
She lightly touches the ivory keys,
Into the room there steals a breeze,
Which blows from that pure land of flowers
Where roses bloom in endless bowers,
Where never withers a bloom or leaf,
Where death is not, or pain or grief,
The whole year through ; then glad birds sing
From shady trees or on the wing
Pour forth their dulcet, liquid notes,
Joy swelling their mellifluous throats ;
In still increasing floods of song
Pours the rich melody along,
Until the listening, entranced ear
The angels' chorus seems to hear.

She plies, like other country maids,
Her household task, her mother aids.
Skilled in the use of cloth and broom
She sweeps and dusts each separate room,
The food prepares for daily meals,
And by her constant toil reveals
That dainty hands and kindly hearts
Know still the humble useful parts
Of our plain life. Yet joyous ever,

And of her lot complaining never,
A faithful daughter, sister true,
A friend who falseness never knew,
No truer heart the angels bear,—
Her spirits light as summer air,
Her voice as cheery as a bird,
In tones discordant never heard,
Her life as pure as mountain brooks
That laugh o'er rocks or glide through nooks
Where violets bloom, and moss-grown trees
Bend down to kiss the amorous breeze.

III.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

A cottage brown, with jutting roof,
Among the straggling apple trees,
Where bees among the blossoms work
And swallows build beneath the eaves,
When summer leads her choral band
Over the wakening land.

Here dwelt for years, in sweet content,
A widow with her only child,
A fair-haired, sunny little maid,
With eyes as blue as violets wild,
And cheeks that blushed in the summer air
Like roses blooming there.

The bud a full-blown rose becomes,
The fledgling tries at length its wing,

The seed becomes a stately tree,
The brooklet from its bubbling spring
A river grows, as through the lea
It sweeps on to the sea.

The child forgets her childish games,
No longer talks with bird and bee,
But feels the swelling of the tides
Of womanhood's broad, restless sea,
Nor dreads the breaker-beaten shore
With hapless wrecks strewn o'er.

When first the fledgling leaves its nest
The old bird feels a sense of dread ;
She knows that for unwary feet
Full many a hidden net is spread,
And fears her young may fall a prey
To snares set by the way.

The mother sighs to find has come
The time when, to the world's demands,
Reluctant, she must yield consent,
And trust her jewel to the hands
Of those who may its beauty mar
And leave with many a scar.

2

The night-air palpitates with music,
A thousand lights flash in the hall,
And fragrance floats from myriad roses,
Like breath of summer, over all.

And she, the widow's only daughter,
The gayest e'en of that gay throng,
To music's soft voluptuous measure
In thoughtless pleasure glides along.

At whispered words her heart is throbbing,
Strange lights are dancing in her eyes,
And o'er her cheeks the hue is flushing
Which dyes at eve the western skies.

3

“Yes, I must go. I cannot bear the grief
That looks from mother's heavy, tear dimmed eyes.
To be all, all alone will bring relief,
Alone beneath the pitiful blue skies.
Perhaps they may forget my shame, my sin,
More merciful than man they sure will prove,
And from the far horizon's misty rim
May come some message of forgiving love.
That night—my soul with sorrow's wind is blown—
My heart was kindled by the words he spoke,
A strange new joy, unlike aught I had known,
Flashed through my frame, and I, it seemed, awoke
Surprised to find myself a woman grown.
While yet the words were trembling on his lips
My girlhood fled, as if abashed, away ;
I watched it as one does the white-winged ships
That cut the laughing waters of the bay.
The merry waltzers past and past me flew,

Like specks of foam upon the music's tide ;
My brain was in a whirl, I scarcely knew
What thoughtlessly I promised or denied.
But when I realized what I had done
And bitterly accused my pliant will,
With specious words his lying lips begun,
My trembling heart and smitten soul to still.
Curse him ! No, I'll not curse. His sin alone
Is curse enough for him through life to bear.
His heart, though it be now a senseless stone,
Untouched by love, unmoved by pleading prayer,
Will some time wake to helpless moan
And feel the hopeless pangs of deep despair.
He leaves me with my shame alone to bear
The cruel sneers, neglect more cruel still,
And mingles with the world without a care
For me, the victim of his lustful will,
Nor ever thinks of her who gave me birth,
Whose loving heart is broken by my fall,
Who on the quiet breast of mother earth
Must find her rest, if rest she finds at all.
Yes, I must go. I cannot bear the grief
That looks from mother's heavy tear-dimmed eyes;
Alone, perchance, I yet may find relief,
Beneath the star-sown, peaceful, summer skies."

4.

She stood upon the river's brink,
With madness gleaming in her eye,

Her feet among the grasses dank,
Her voice, a long despairing cry,
“A soul for sale! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?”

The waters, swirling at her feet,
Bore seaward her heart-rending cry;
The meadows, full of odors sweet,
Repeated it with fragrant sigh,
“A soul for sale! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?”

The trees caught up the mournful sound
And told it to the bending sky;
The stars upon their nightly round
Reiterated it on high,
“A soul for sale! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?”

One lingering glance behind her cast,
One last look at the summer sky,
A plunge, a shriek, and all is past,
Save that undying, rueful cry,
“A soul for sale! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?”

IV. THE WIFE.

A cottage bowered among the trees,
Whose branches sway at every breeze,
Where first is heard the blue-bird's note,
A cheery voice from ruby throat,
Prophetic of the coming spring,
When woods and fields with song shall ring;

Where robins call and build their nests
And no rude hand their homes molest ;
Where ground birds chirp and sparrows build
And chimneys hold a thriving guild
Of swallows, which, from morn till eve,
Fantastic, airy mazes weave,
As through the sky on pinions bright
They graceful sweep swift as the light ;
Where roses bloom the summer through,
And flowers of every kind and hue—
The violet and marigold,
The fleur de lis and crocus bold,
The tulip and chrysanthemum,
The poppy and geranium,
Nasturtiums in a well-kept bed,
And gorgeous peonies blushing red,
The morning glory wet with dew,
The heliotrope that all day through
Follows the sun's bright shining way,
The portulacca that with the day
Opens its cups of flaming hue,
Closing again ere falls the dew,
Grieved at the loss of the sun's bright rays,
Petunias that last till days
Of blighting frost and cold come on
And meadows their brown livery don—
Each in its season blossoms there,
With fragrance filling the balmy air
Or pleasing sight with shape and hue,

Making this old world fresh and new,
Restoring to our wondering eyes
The beauty of lost Paradise.

We enter and a homelike air
Pervades each room and bids all care
To flee away. Upon the walls
The golden sunshine wooing falls
On pictures resting eye and heart,
Stirring to life our better part;
And books, not many, but the best,
Invite the mind to learning's quest,
Choice spirits of each age and clime,
Whose names shall live throughout all time.
And flower-filled vases round the room
Make sweet the air with their perfume,
A constant incense, subtile, fine,
Ascending at the sacred shrine,
The holiest place where'er we roam,
The sanctuary we call home.

This is the home, o'er which presiding,
With grace and sweetness e'er abiding,
The faithful wife still makes a place
Where one gains courage strong to face
The trials that beset his way
From early morn till close of day.
She comes and welcome bids us all;
Her accents sweet refreshing fall
Upon our hearts, as falls the dew,

The hot, dry, dusty summer through,
Upon the faint and drooping flowers,
Renewing all their failing powers.
With golden hair is crowned her head,
Her teeth are pearls from ocean's bed,
Red are her cheeks, her eyes gray-blue,
Clear windows which the soul looks through
With deep, abiding faith, content
To take whatever God hath sent
Of blessing great or seeming ill,
Submissive always to His will.
Upon Time's swiftly-flowing stream
Her barque glides on as in a dream.
Though roughly blows the adverse wind
It ruffles not her settled mind,
For prayer builds up a bulwark strong
That shelters her from harm and wrong.
To all the duties of this life,
As daughter, neighbor, friend and wife,
She's ever faithful, nor foregoes
The higher duty which she owes
To Christ, her Lord and Saviour dear,
By whose blessed side she's ever near.
His love illumines all her way,
Dark shadows lifting from the day,
Her face, resplendent with which light,
Shines like the face of angel bright.

ANOTHER GRAVE TO DECORATE.



The balmy air that trembled with applause,
When ceased the orator, had brought a pause
Of silence ; then the buzz of voices light
It floated out into the sunshine bright,
As issued from the solemn old church door
The crowd with ribbons, satins, silks galore—
Fair women rosy-cheeked, and blooming maids,
And children in sweet innocence arrayed
As in a garment ; then the veterans came,
Whose crutch and empty sleeve bespoke the flame,
The smoke, the crash, the roar, the sulphurous breath,
The angry whirlwind of the demon—Death.
Slowly they came to decorate the graves,
Where, in unbroken rest, repose the braves,
Forgotten by the world, but grown more dear
To comrades of the lessening ranks each year.

Two soldiers pause beside a grass-grown mound,
Each bearing flowers—blue violets of the ground,
Cool *fleur de lis*, and roses white and red—
A fragrant coverlet with love to spread
Above the resting place of him, who fell
Where whistling bullets and the screaming shell
Made earth that day seem like the gate of Hell.
Their eyes grow dim as memory revives

The stirring scenes of their long-sundered lives,
Sundered by death ; united now once more,
They pitch the camp, endure their marches o'er,
Share the mess and lie down side by side,
As they all three had done before he died.

A sudden pallor overspreads the face
Of one who, reeling for a moment's space,
Sinks fainting on the grass, but soon revives,
And, resting on his comrade's shoulder, strives
To tell what swept before his wondering mind,
As if borne on some swift prophetic wind.
“ Dear Tom, I heard a voice that called my name—
The voice I recognized to be the same
That here was his, who sleeps within this mound—
And, turning toward the place whence came the sound,
Beheld I him, the same, yet not the same,
We knew him here—an aureole of flame
Transformed each ugly scar to winning grace
And shed amazing beauty o'er his face.
His garments of so pure and glistening white
Like diamonds glowed in that supernal light,
And everything about him seemed to wear
The marks of kingliness, its glory share.
He spoke : ‘ Bear to the world this message grave,
Then come to me. Tell it the blood we gave,
The pain we bore, the sacrifice we made,
Deserve that greater honor should be paid
To those dear comrades who still live to tell

How vain was made the league of Death and Hell;
How from the throes of this unequalled strife
The nation woke to liberty and life;
How in their bodies they have borne and bear
The pangs which made the nation Freedom's heir;
And how as common men, amid the throng,
These heroes toil their weary way along,
Jostled and cursed and crowded to the wall,
Who, having given much, yet find their all
Demanded and *that* even held too small.
Tell it to cherish those who still remain,
To cheer their loneliness, assuage their pain,
And by kind acts atone for past neglect,
And win again the soldier's lost respect;
For never shall a nation be secure,
For never shall its liberty endure,
Which holds in light esteem the brave and good
Who saved its birthright upon fields of blood.'
And, having spoken thus, he from my sight
Vanished, and I returned to common light,
That now has lost its brightness. See, how dim
It grows! And Tom, dear Tom, look there! See him!
He calls for me—good bye—old boy—good bye—.”

His life went out in a contented sigh,
As if 'twere pain to live but joy to die,
And in the shadows of the day grown late
His comrade saw another grave to decorate.

TWO FRIENDS.



I.

In the land of the mountains, whose sides are deep
threaded with gold,
Whose foundations of silver were builded securely
of old,

Where the breath of the north-wind bears odors of
fir and of pine
And is laden with health and with vigor, rich gifts
and benign,

Dwells a friend, though his hand in my own, with
pure friendship's firm grasp,
I have never yet clasped and never, it may be, shall
clasp ;

For between us there lie a vast stretch of hill,
mountain and plain,
And broad rivers that hasten their course with full
tides to the main,

And great cities and towns with the hum of the
shop and the mart,
And the struggle of life, and the beat of humanity's
heart.

But, although to my eyes he invisible is and
must be,
Yet far dearer and nearer a friend is he proving
to me

Than are thousands I meet on the street, in the
shop and the home,
And into whose life and whose business I daily
must come ;
For they give as they get, while he giveth alone
from the heart,
For they yield what they must, but he yieldeth the
generous part,
For they give with a grudging and he with a
liberal hand,
For they sparingly sow, while he scatters abroad
o'er the land
The rich gifts that are rendered more rich by the
love that doth give,
By the life that in friendliness liveth, that others
may live.

II.

In the land of the blest, where the river of Life
floweth by,
Clear as crystal, reflecting the glorious dome of
the sky,
With its current unvexed by the frost and the ice of
this earth,
Ever laving the tree that has known nought of
blight from its birth,
Whose twelve manner of fruit every month
becomes ripe to the hand,

And whose leaves are for healing to all who may
 dwell in that land,
There standeth a city whose pavements are gold,
 clear as glass,
Reflecting the beauty of all who may over them
 pass,
Whose fair walls are of gems, every stone an
 eternal delight,
Repeating the splendors of day that ne'er endeth
 in night,
Whose gates are great pearls, such as ocean ne'er
 hid in its caves
Nor rolled on its margins nor lapped with its
 murmurous waves.
In that city of light, in that land of sweet peace
 and delight,
In that country that knoweth no shadow, no dark-
 ness, no night,
Dwells a friend; though my eyes have not looked
 on His wonderful face,
It's beauty to study, its comely proportions to
 trace,
Though my ears have not heard, nor can hear, the
 sweet sound of his voice,
Though no physical presence can make my glad
 heart to rejoice,
Yet no friend is more real and more true than is
 this One to me,

Whose heart is as deep and whose love is as wide
as the sea,
Who bestows, all unmerited, blessings each day
and each night,
Who e'er leadeth me out of the darkness and into
the light,
Who biddeth me lift up my eyes and behold the
fair hills,
The fair hills of my God from which cometh my
help for all ills,
The fair hills I shall tread when I flee from this
valley of death,
And enraptured shall breathe on their summits their
life-giving breath.

III.

I believe in one friend whom I never have seen
and may see,
Ought I not to believe in the other who still
blesses me ?



WHO KNOWS ?



Who knows what is beyond ?

Oh poet, say, if thou dost know,
Beyond the ice, beyond the snow,
Beyond the weal, beyond the woe,

What is ? Who knows ?

Who knows what is beyond ?

Oh prophet, tell, if tell thou may,
Beyond the haste, beyond delay,
Beyond the rough and thorny way,

What is ? Who knows ?

Who knows what is beyond ?

Oh priest, of thee I ask,
Beyond the real, beyond the mask,
Beyond the never-ending task,

What is ? Who knows ?

“ Who knows what is beyond ? ”

Poet, prophet, priest, as one
The answer quickly gave : “ Oh son,
Beyond the ice, beyond the snow,
Beyond the weal, beyond the woe,
Beyond the haste, beyond delay,
Beyond the rough and thorny way,
Beyond the real, beyond the mask,
Beyond the never-ending task,

God is, God knows.”

CHRISTMASTIDE.



Old Winter, with his icy blast,
Has come at last, has come at last ;
He has stripped the foliage from the tree,
Banished the birds that sung with glee,
Withered the blossoms on the lea,
With his keen and icy blast.

Old Winter, with his frosty breath,
From the halls of death, the halls of death,
Has stolen the soul and left the shade
Of all the flowers that God e'er made
On my windows, weirdly overlaid
By his chill and frosty breath.

Old Winter, with his glittering crown,
Does madly frown, does madly frown ;
He hangs the eaves with glistening spears,
The blades of grass with frozen tears,
And clothes in mail the streams and meres,
As he shakes his glittering crown.

Old Winter opens his flinty heart,
With manly art, with manly art,
And Christmas gives from out his store,
Which sheds a warmth not felt before,
And makes us forgive him o'er and o'er
For his frozen, flinty heart.

Old Winter sows with open hand
All through the land, all through the land,
The seeds that fruitage rich shall bear
In the land of the blest, forever fair,
Whose city-gates are pearls most rare,
With a generous, open hand.

Old Winter brings to every mind
Of humankind, of humankind,
Remembrance of Him, who lived and died,
The powers of Hell and Death defied,
And Heaven's glorious gates swung wide
To every loving, loyal mind.

II.

Two thousand years ago, the birth
Of a weak babe upon the earth,
Born not in home of rich or great,
Attended not with royal state ;
A manger cradled, oxen gazed
Upon the new-born babe, amazed,
Whose innocence reflected lies
Still in their dark and peaceful eyes.

Two thousand years ago, the birth
Of a new song upon the earth,
A song of peace, good will to men,
A song ne'er heard on earth till then,

A song not born in human heart,
Nor cunningly devised by art
To ease some lover's amorous pain,
Or win the plaudits of the vain.

Two thousand years that holy song
Has sent its notes the earth along ;
Faint at the first each age has brought
Some voices which its music caught,
From every land beneath the sun,
From Superstition's dark realm won,
Where crime was worship, sin was right,
And goodness but a moral blight.

Not always pure, as at the first
When angel voices it rehearsed,
Has rung the glorious song of joy ;
For sin has brought its base alloy
And bigotry has bared its hand
And drenched with blood the trembling land,
And piled the fagots, set the fire,
To many a martyr's funeral pyre.

Nor always now, unmixed we hear
Its music fall upon the ear ;
For men, wise in their own conceit,
Have thought the song still incomplete,
Too simple for their wise estate,
Its notes upon their culture grate,
And have made haste it to refine,
To make its music more divine.

But still to simple, trusting hearts,
It peace, the world knows not, imparts ;
Nor has it lost one note, one tone,
That first belonged to it alone,
Beyond all songs of human birth
That ever rang out o'er the earth,
Proclaiming it in every line,
Unmistakably divine.



TWO HEROES.



Around the curve with awful speed,
Responsive to each piston stroke,
Thundering along upon its track,
Filling the air with sparks and smoke,
Filling the air with clanging bell
And whistle shrieking loud and clear,
The engine, with its precious freight
Of human lives, came sweeping near.
Came sweeping near the rail displaced,
Came sweeping near the frantic men,
Who strove with all the strength of love
To put it in its place again.

No time to dream of children dear,
No time to think of loving wives ;
Upon each manly heart is laid
The burden of a hundred lives.

Yet louder sounds the clanging bell,
And sharper shrieks the whistle shrill,
And nearer whirl the flying wheels,—
The men are nobly working still.

The engine's breath is on their cheeks,
Within their ears its throbbings sound ;
A mist obscures the trembling sky,
And reels beneath their feet the ground.

The rail's replaced—the engine sweeps
In safety with its precious freight
Across the rail—replaced alas !
For these two noble souls too late.

All hail the men who grandly did
Their simple duty, Godlike made
By willing sacrifice of self—
Their lives upon the altar laid,

Without the hope of fair renown,
Regardless of the trump of fame,
An offering for strangers made,
Who ne'er might know their humble name.

MUSIC.



The earth is set to music ; in its sweep
Discordant notes jar not upon the ear
Attuned to catch the mighty harmony
Of this vast organ-voiced, sonorous sphere.
The seeming discords—cries of human woe,
The murdered victim's shriek, the moan of pain,
The sobs of breaking hearts, the drunken laugh,
And hunger's drear, pathetic, low refrain—
Complete the melody ; these lost, the whole
Completeness lacks,—a body lacking soul.

We may not understand the reason why,
Our souls may question, doubts and fears arise,
And blessings misinterpreted appear
Calamities most dire to purblind eyes ;
And God, who loves us with a love divine,
Surpassing all we think or hope or know,
By ignorance distorted seem a fiend
Rejoicing o'er our helpless, hopeless woe ;
But when hereafter all is understood,
The ill we thought will prove our highest good.

And then the discords, which we thought we found
In the world-music, clearly will appear
Essential to complete the swelling song,
The symphony of this melodious sphere.

And then, in some divine, mysterious way,
The harsher notes, which jarred upon us here,
Athrob with living sweetness and delight,
Will come to our entranced, enraptured ear,
And stir with joy earth knows not of the heart
That comprehends the Master's heavenly art.



THE STORM.

The sun is swathed in a thick cloud
Through which a ghostlike radiance streams,
Made by a few wan yellow beams
Which through its gloomy texture crowd.

And motionless upon the trees
Depend the shrivelled, curling leaves ;
The heart of nature sadly grieves,
Bereft of every cooling breeze.

The birds forget their merry songs
And twitter low in plaintive notes,
That scarcely stir their feathered throats :—
The hour to silent grief belongs.

And silence broods o'er all the earth,
Until the wind begins to sigh,
Until it, sweeping from the sky,
Proclaims a mighty tempest's birth.

The tempest comes, and o'er the street
Rise clouds of dust, as dark and dense
As those that float above us, whence
The storm swept forth the earth to meet.

And now the clouds above are rent
By lightning, wriggling down the sky,
A fiery serpent hissing nigh,
A blighting curse on mankind sent.

The thunder rolls with deafening din
And frights the shuddering earth and air,
A lion roaring in his lair,
A herald who the storm leads in.

The voice of God it once was thought,
When men lived near and heard His voice,
When simple truth made men rejoice,
And they knew how and what He wrought.

They better heard than we whose ears
Are clogged with earth-born thoughts and schemes
Who see no visions, dream no dreams,
Nor hear the "music of the spheres."

Ah ! we've forgot our songs of praise,
And Culture has become the god
Who rules, as with an iron rod,
The minds of men in these late days.

Our prayers—alas ! we only moan :
How can they pray whose hearts are dead,
From whom all faith and love have fled,
Whose God's unknowable, unknown !

Now come a few large drops of rain,
The pickets of the coming host
Which waits to guard its cloudy post,
Ere it descends upon the plain.

And now it comes upon the blast,
Upon the wings of mighty winds,
In sheets so dense the sight it blinds,
In fury which cannot long last.

The grassblades bow to let it pass,
The trees are shaken in their pride,
The branches broken, thrown aside,
That would not bend as bent the grass.

Forever safe humility
Minds not how fierce the storm may rage ;
But pride, that nothing can assuage,
Is broken ere it bends the knee.

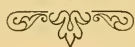
Adown the streets the waters run,
A roaring brook each gutter seems,
Dark, muddy, filth-defiled the streams,
Reflecting neither shade nor sun.

But see ! Across the sky is spread
A rainbow with its glowing hues,
By which His promise God renews
That earth be ruled not by the dead.

The storm is past, the sunbeams throng,
The grass lifts up its bended head,
The flowers a sweeter fragrance shed,
And swell the throats of birds with song.



G. W. D., EDITOR.



Not in the glare of public life,
Where every act is weighed and known,
Where to incite the earnest strife,
The bugle blast of praise is blown,
And Honor waits
Within the gates,
With a crown of glory for her own.

But hidden from our gaze he wrought
With purpose high and courage strong;
The common weal his dearest thought,
To guard the right, to crush the wrong,
And bend his will
To duty still
Without approval of the throng.

And like a stream, concealed from sight,
Which makes adjacent meadows green,
His influence shone in the light,
E'en though its source remained unseen,
Content to do
And still pursue
Its hidden course with ardor keen.

And thus he toiled from day to day,
Till dropped from nerveless hand the pen,
Which set the battle in array
To win and keep the rights of men,
And not in vain,
But for gain,
Until he passed beyond our ken.

Irreparable must be the loss
To city, State, to friend and foe ;—
For all he bore the willing cross,
The good of all he sought to know,
And dying, left
Us all bereft,
In brotherhood of common woe.

HE WAS MY FRIEND.



I.

He was my friend. Alas, and must I say
He *was*? The ties of yesterday, have snapped
Asunder and to-day, in sorrow wrapped,
I, uncompanioned, must take my way
Along a path that lies in shadows gray,
Where dark and threatening heights with gloom
are capped,
Where waters cold about my feet are lapped,
Where I can scarce discern the night from day.
And yet—though earthly presence be withdrawn,
Though ashy twilight deepens into night,
And dust to dust appears to be the end—
May not this be the dim gray herald, dawn,
That ushers in the day with robes of white,
And may I not still say he *is* my friend?

II.

'Tis life, not death, we most should fear,
For life, with Circe-power, transforms our friends,
And wings of easy flight to friendship lends,
And poisons even those to us most near;
But death, that lays the body on the bier,
Stops with that act, his dreaded power there ends.
To touch the spirit all his might transcends,
To harm or change what made our friends so dear.

The fragrance of a pure and noble life,
The sweetness of a firm and faithful heart,
The whiteness of a strong and loving soul,
Untouched by death, survive the weary strife,
And leave our friend unchanged in any part—
Ours now, and ours while ceaseless ages roll.



THE WEAVER.



He weaves the web and woof of life
With mingled threads of varied hue ;
Gold for the days without alloy
When hearts are tuned to sweetest joy,
And silver for the days of peace
When sorrow and sighing yield surcease,
And black for the days of strife.

Beside his loom the weaver stands,
And back and forth the shuttle flies ;
From mingled threads he cannot choose
Those which possess the brightest hues,
But takes the sombre with the bright,
The gloomy black with shining white,
For woven must be all the strands.

Some threads—his vision is so dull—
If choice were his, he would reject ;
But it may hap that when he views
The finished pattern with its hues,
He then shall see these darker strands,
Though woven with reluctant hands,
Have made the whole more beautiful.



MORNING.



The morning comes with a murmur low,
Like the rustle of leaves when breezes blow,
With the plaintive call of a bird to its mate
As the tides of darkness begin to abate,
With the full-voiced choir of birds attune
With the joy that sings through the leafy June.

The morning comes with a streak of gray
That slowly broadens into the day,
With lights that touch the hills aglow
And brighten the valleys that lie below,
With silence that breaks into waves of sound
With pulsations of life from the dark profound.

The morning comes to the desolate heart
And the lonely shadows of grief depart ;
It hears the call of its waiting mate
And answers the summons with joy elate,
And the silence is broken with blissful songs,
Whose gladness the dawning of day prolongs.

The morning comes to the soul oppressed
With its burden of sin, with its grief distressed,
And the soul is touched with heavenly light
And struggles upward out of the night ;
Out of the night on tireless wings
Into God's presence it soars and sings.



POVERTY.



I.

He watched the glory of the dying day
Fade into darkness of the silent night ;
He saw the rising moon with mellow light
Dispel the shadows, where they thickest lay
Upon the meadows and the murmuring bay,
Revealing to the eye a glorious sight,
The saline meadows gleaming silvery white,
The flashing waters set in bright array.

But nought of all this matchless scene awoke
Responsive chords in his unfeeling heart,
Or touched the secret springs of his poor soul,
For he, though rich, was poor :—no voices broke
Upon his ear, save those of noisy mart,
For him no beauty shone—gold blurred the whole.

II.

Deaf to the voices of the speaking night,
The plaintive music of the restless bay,
The gentle breeze, which sighing took its way
Across the fields and waters bathed in light,
And blind, he stood, amid the glories bright
Of the last hours of slow declining day,
When shone the stars which know not of decay,
And slowly climbed the moon upon his sight.

What profit acres broad and hoarded gold
To him whose eyes are sealed by thoughts of gain,
To him whose ears are stopped by selfish greed ?
Take wealth, but let for me still be unrolled
The panorama of the sky and plain,
And songs from earth and air my heart still lead.



ACROSS THE WATERS BLUE.



I.

Across the waters blue, upon my sight,
 Arise a dome and towers, which pierce the sky,
 And rosy-glowing clouds that float fast by,
The whole bathed in a flood of pearly light.
The crescent moon, sweet empress of the night,
 Looks down upon the world with beaming eye.
 And burns one solitary star on high,
Like Hope, which shines in darkness still more bright.

A dream of Venice brought to our own doors,
 With all the romance of its early days,
 Its doges and the marriage with the sea ;
We list for dip of some lorn lover's oars,
 Or song of gondolier borne through the haze,
 To make the dream a bright reality.

II.

But as we gaze there comes a nobler thought,
 For Venice sleeps the sleep of weak decay,
 Nor hopes the dawning of a brighter day
Shall bring the glory ancient days had brought ;
Her former splendor faded, come to nought,
 Her merchant fleets no more ride out her bay,
 Her doges o'er the sea have lost their sway,
And idleness her people's downfall wrought.

Here beauty wedded to utility
Its nobler uses finds, nor loses aught,
But rather gains by union added charms,
For benefactions of sweet charity
And labor which secures from night's alarms
Come always with a double blessing fraught.



A MOTHER'S LOVE.



Though age may bend the form beneath its weight,
May passions cool and friends drive far apart,
May dim the eye, the reason's force abate,
It cannot change a mother's changeless heart.

The child she bore and nourished at her breast,
However changed, is still of her a part ;
Though he have wandered far from East to West,
He has not wandered from her loving heart.

Where'er he be, whate'er he think or do,
Howe'er he may forget his mother's love,
Each evening ever fresh, each morning new,
It folds him round, descending from above.

A mother's love, the strongest bond of earth,
Pure, holy, sweet, a type of love divine,
Encompassing the infant at his birth,
Enduring while the stars of life shall shine ;

Enduring yet beyond life's latest day,
Beyond the stream that Time's dark confines laves,
With ever-brightening luster falls its ray
As it still shines upon our grass-grown graves.



SOMEWHERE.



Complain no more! Complain no more!

But learn with willing mind and heart
The lesson taught by sea and shore,
At home, abroad, where'er thou art.

The lesson that the birds still sing,
From which their music has its birth,
That somewhere an eternal spring
With dewy freshness clothes the earth.

The lesson taught by fragrant flowers,
That deck the earth as stars the sky,
That somewhere shine the summer hours
In blissful immortality.

The lesson taught by fruited trees
That bend beneath their lucious freight,
That somewhere autumn tells the breeze
That she with riches is elate.

The lesson taught by flying cloud
Before the north wind's angry breath,
That somewhere winter weaves a shroud
And wraps the earth in sleep of death.

Complain no more ! Complain no more !
But study life from nature's page
And learn that somewhere always pour
The springs of youth and tides of age.



RICHES HAVE WINGS.



Riches have wings ; like game-birds shy
They take to flight when I come nigh.
My dog, with many an eager bound,
Drives from their coverts on the ground
The timid snipe and woodcock sly;

I see a speck against the sky,
I hear a rush of wings pass by,
And realize in that swift sound
Riches have wings.

I watch and wait, I seek and pry
Some future fortune to descry,
While others seize what they have found
And gather treasures all around.
I pray I may not always sigh
Riches have wings.

PRESENTIMENTS.



The morning breaks with wind and cloud and rain,
The sunshine bright in dim gray light obscuring,
A day that brings presentiments of pain,
A sense of sorrow that may prove enduring.

Whence come these warnings to our active minds,
When we no clouds of sadness are discerning,
Like summer storms or fiercely warring winds
Or red lights on life's coast in brightness burning ?

Why droop our spirits when the storm-winds call ?
Why sink our hearts when clouds are darkly rolling ?
Why fill our eyes with tears when rain-drops fall ?
Why bows the head when deep-voiced bells are toll-
ing ?

Is there a presence in the earth and sky,
Through cloud and storm its mystic way e'er wing-
ing,
Unseen, invisible to human eye,
From heaven to earth its solemn message bringing ?

We know not, and we never here shall know,
The mysteries that darkly wrap our being ;
But cheerfully upon our way we go,
And trust to faith to guide, and not to seeing.

A VALENTINE.



My love, accept this valentine,
Which aye shall make thee dearer,
When years have taught thee to divine
Its meaning, then grown clearer.

I know a maid with deep blue eyes,
With golden hair above them ;
I know their looks of glad surprise—
To know them is to love them.

I know her roguish, laughing mouth,
Just made for loving kisses,
Whose breath is like the perfumed South,
A home for all the blisses.

I know her pretty artful ways,
Her wondering, trustful glances,
And life forgets the weight of days
When she about me dances.

And when the sun is in the west,
And daily work is over,
I seek the one I love the best,
This roguish little lover.

No stain of earth has soiled her soul,
Her heart knows not of sorrow ;
To-day she is but three years old,
God give her glad to-morrow.

O, FOR THE FURROWED FIELDS.



O, for the furrowed fields !
Where works from sun to sun the farmer boy,
And loudly sings for very joy,
As he guides the laboring plow.
And O, and O, for the furrows brown !
Far better than the stony town,
Where tall brick walls shut out the sun,
Where smoking chimneys hide the sky,
Where the only crystal that meets the eye
Are plate glass windows with shutters high,
Where scarcely a tree and scarcely a leaf
Afford the wearied sight relief,
Where rattle over the cobbled street
The horses' hurrying feet,
Where wagons rumble, and whistles screech,
Where a babel of sounds drowns human speech,
Where hissing steam from iron throats
Commingles with the steady throb of the engine's
mighty heart,
While clanging bell and rattling car each bravely
bears its part.

O, give to me the furrows long,
The horses' neigh, the plowboy's song,
The unimpeded wind's broad sweep
Over the fields where grasses creep,

Over the fields of brown and green
Where golden sunshine lights the scene,
And where, when closes the day like a fairy
dream,
Long shadows slant,
And every leaf and every plant
Is touched with a rosy gleam.
O, for the furrows brown !
The upturned soil,
The daily toil,
The dark, rich hues of fertile earth,
Where seeds shall sprout and plants have birth,
And the food of man shall grow ;
Where harvests shall wave in the autumn air,
Where labors now the sharp plowshare,
And the sweating horses go.
The mold-board bright
Is touched with light
That never gilded a crown ;
And better far
Than kingdoms are
The lengthened furrows brown.
For peaceful night brings blessed rest,
Tired nature's rich bequest,
And the day is free from carking care
That wrinkles the face and bleaches the hair,
And makes a throne a curse ;
For a monarch becomes with the cares of state,

That claim him early and claim him late,
A slave or something worse.

But he who guides the faithful plow
Asks none before his throne to bow,
And bends his knee to none ;
But free as the laughing brook
That down the steeps
Of mountains leaps
And glides through the level plain,
And free as the summer winds
That through woods sweep
Where balsams weep,
Then over the meads again,
He walks, earth's noblest king ;
For the boundless wealth
Of perfect health
The fragrant breezes bring.
The son of the soil,
The son of toil,
For him the sun sheds floods of light,
For him the dewdrop glistens bright,
For him descends the rain,
For him the yellow harvests wave
And bends the golden grain.
Then give to me the furrows long,
The life that's full and free,
The neigh of steeds, the plowboy's song,
And the wind's soft melody.

THE HARVEST.



In the crisp air of an October morn,
When all the blades of grass are stiff with cold,
When every rail is covered o'er with frost,
White, sparkling, delicate, beyond the power
Of art to imitate, the rustling stalks,
That all through summer held converse with rain
And sun and southern breeze, and whisper yet
To gossiping winds the secret of their growth,
Of ears within the ripened husks concealed,
Ears heavy with the yellow rows of corn,
Invite the farmer to bring forth the knife
With which to sever them. He hears, obeys,
And through the day and till the harvest moon
Lights up the scene, he cuts a widening swath.
And then with care he gathers up the stalks
Into large bundles, bound with long rye straw,
And these in turn into still larger stacks,
Until the field, where stood the rustling corn,
Looks like a tented field, an army's camp.
It is a tented field, and in these tents
Are gathered all the spirits fine that make
The earth and air and sky athrob with life.
Here gathered are the myriad of drops
The dewy night wept over that green field ;
Here at the winds' drum-beat assembled are
The countless whisperings of talking leaves ;

Here at the trumpet blare of the storm-cloud,
The thunder's mighty blast, collected stand
The countless host of shining drops of rain ;
And here about these council fires again
The million rays of golden sunshine sit.
It is a tented field, a camp of life,
For here are gathered up the elements
That keep alive that curious machine
We call the human frame, that give the strength
To labor and produce, to build the town,
To fashion fabrics, delicately wrought,
With which to clothe the body, tools for use
In making other tools, plows, harrows, hoes,
Machines for saving labor and to make
A slave of nature, bid it do man's work ;
That give the brain the power to think, to act,
To plan the mighty engine, to devise
The chains that shall the lightning hold and use,
To weave the wondrous texture of the tale
By sweet romancer told, and to create
The poet's song, that brings to earth again
The fruits and flowers that grow in Paradise.



THE SEVEN SISTERS.



Pink blooms the lovely climbing rose
That o'er my humble cottage grows,
The pink that glows in the dewy skies
When morning opens its sleepless eyes,
Or when the low descending sun
Proclaims the daily toil is done.

Fragrant the bloom of the opened rose
That o'er my humble cottage grows,
Filling with perfume the summer air,
Like the sweet incense of trustful prayer,
Like a breath that is wafted down from above
From the great soul of the Spirit of Love.

Boldly and patiently climbs the rose
That o'er my humble cottage grows,
Clasping its trellis with gentle might
To lift its petals into the light,
Reaching its tendrils ever on high
Up from the earth and into the sky.

May I not learn from the climbing rose
That o'er my humble cottage grows,
With a larger faith to boldly aspire
From the grovelling present to something higher,
And bind with the leaves of earthly duty
The fragrant blooms of heavenly beauty?

TWO GLIMPSES.



Twice to mortals is it given
To look unquestioned into heaven.

Once from childhood's purple height
Through life's dawning, flushing light,
When we gaze with vision true
Beyond the horizon's circling blue ;
And once from the serene peak of age,
When life indites its latest page,
And when the weight of weary care
Vanishes into the upper air.

At other times our vision dim
Is bounded by the horizon's rim.



DISCONSOLATE.



Disconsolate you sit and wonder why
To others come unsought both wealth and fame,
While you, still seeking for a deathless name,
Are by the world in silent scorn passed by.
Your labor proves in vain whate'er you try,
Your highest thoughts seem impotent and lame,
And bind about your brow a wreath of shame,
Or bring at best a sympathetic sigh.

And you are haunted by the humbling thought
That this is right and you alone should bear
Unmurmuring the penalty of wrong,
For if for truth as earnestly you'd sought
As you have sought for fame, you now would share
The glory of immortal sons of song.



SORROW.



Not when the rising tides of joy flow in
And float our stranded barques of earthly hope,
Not when the bellying sails strain every rope
And masts and cordage creak, while merry din
Of laughter fills the air, do we begin
To see the very heavens of mercy ope,
Our souls new power attain with which to cope
Against the legions grim of fiendish sin ;
But when dark sorrow casts a seeming blight
Upon our worldly prospects, then we feel
Our muscles growing into springs of steel,
Our souls afire with heavenly courage bright,
Our hearts unshaken by hell's fierce alarms,
And underneath the everlasting arms.

SYMPATHY.



There is no night so dark but shine the stars ;
Thick clouds may hide them from our anxious eyes,
But still we know beyond the misty bars
They light the darkness of our blackest skies.

There is no heart so burdened with its grief,
Though tears obscure and darker make its light,
But sympathy at length brings sweet relief,
And like a star shines forth with friendly light.

Into our lonely lives there steals a calm,
Like that upon the sea when tempests cease,
For Heaven-born Sympathy brings healing balm,
And Time supplies the rest, whence cometh peace.



BLIND.



“ Thy son is changed, upon his face the mark
Of Cain is branded ; vice has written there,
O’er all that seemed in youth so fresh and fair,
In gruesome characters, the record dark
Of years far worse than wasted, powers inclined
To uses base, that might have been employed
In noble service, and a life devoid
Of usefulness to God or humankind.”

“Thank God!” the old man said, “I cannot see
To read this record; there remains to me
My own dear boy just as he used to be.

“Blindness that snatched away the cheering light
Forever hides from me this rueful sight,
And leaves his image still unstained and bright.”



THE CRICKET.



When hills and vales are robed in spotless white
And deathlike stillness reigns supreme around,
When solid, frost-bound earth gives back no sound
To footsteps hastening o'er its carpet light,
We nearer draw around the hearth-stone bright,
Those to us in affection closely bound,
Grateful that still for them a place is found,
A shelter from stern winter's icy might.

The piercing chill of winter holds the mind,
And drives from memory autumnal days,
When rosy health was brought on every wind
And simple joy dwelt in the sun's near rays,
Till sounds the cricket's voice so loud and shrill,
That, lost in thought, we dream 'tis autumn still.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Our life is but a wave that flows
A moment o'er the shores of time ;
And death is but the wave's quick ebb
Back to life's sea sublime.



CONSOLATION.



Lament not that the night draws near,
That daylight fades and darkness falls ;
The quenchless stars can not appear
Till the sun has set behind the walls
That rim the earth like ramparts strong,
A purple guard against all wrong.

What though your earthly path be wet
With dews distilled by love grown cold ;
What though the sun of joy be set
And earth for you no blessing hold ;
The dew restores the fading green,
The stars still light the shadowy scene.

Though earth grows dark and shadows fall,
Though heart grows faint and eyes grow dim,
Above, the stars shine over all
From horizon's rim to horizon's rim ;
One sun has disappeared from sight
That a thousand suns may give you light.

COMPENSATION.



Among the stars you thought to write your name,
To count by thousands friends and lovers dear,
To hear your praises breathed into the ear
Of the whole world by multivoiced fame ;
But what you hoped for, longed for, never came—
The songs you thought to sing in accents clear,
The valiant deeds with heart unmoved by fear,
The honor and the life that none could blame.

In humble duties that each day hath brought,
In actions poor and weak, in trivial thought,
With friends and lovers few you've lived and wrought;
But still be satisfied, for so 'tis best ;
A life with noble aspirations blest
Brings to the soul compensatory rest.



TOO LATE.



In the fierce, hot flame of sin is born
A transient joy that turns to sorrow ;
The careless laugh, the slighting jest,
They sting like death upon the morrow.
Like moths about the flame we flit,
Nor heed the solemn call of duty,
But learn, too late, when wings are scorched,
How hateful is what we deemed beauty,

While others tread the stony path
That leads to sunlit heights of glory,
We linger in the swampy meads
Until dark locks are scant and hoary.
Their limbs grow strong with earnest work,
They grasp the prize we dare not covet,
For weakened by soft dalliance
We've not the strength to rise above it.

Too late we learn our sad mistake,—
We fain would now our lives live over,—
The golden meed of honest toil
Is worth far more than fields of clover ;
For withered stalks alone remain,
Devoid of fragrance and of beauty;
We plucked a fading wreath of flowers
And spurned the jeweled crown of duty.



LIFE.

I.

Hear what the wise man saith ;
Birth and marriage and death,
Abundance of pain
Recurring again,
And pleasure that dies with a breath.

Into the world with a cry,
Out of the world with a sigh ;
 With many a moan
 We're here and are gone,
We're born but to suffer and die.

Marriage is sung by the bell,
Death is announced by its knell,
 And husband and wife,
 United for life,
Drift apart on its vibrating swell.

Over and over again,
Through the dense mist and the rain ,
 Recite we our creed
 With sorrow, and read
The liturgy long of life's pain.

II.

Oh, for a harp from heaven that came,
Whose lightest touch should pour along
The sounding air the soul of song,
Triumphant as the shout of fame !
Oh, for a voice, whose every tone
Should pulsate with the keenest joy,
Freed from every base alloy,
From weakness sprung, to sorrow known !
For life,—though it may know the pain
That comes like chill November rain,

Though it may feel the weight of woe
That will not let the spirit go,
Though it may suffer weary care
That turns to foul what should be fair,—
For life has joys so pure, so deep,
Their very bliss can make us weep,
Whose worth exceeds the care and woe
And all distress that mortals know ;
One moment of whose bliss outweighs
A hundred years of anxious days,
A hundred years of weary nights,
With all accumulated blights
That into Time's much-troubled breast
Can be malignantly compressed.

Oh, life is sweet ! The very air
Seems filled with spirits good and fair,
Who with their pinions touch my cheek,
And of joy, joy alone, will speak !
The sun with joy his course doth run
From early dawn till day is done,
Until behind the mountains hoary
He disappears in a sea of glory ;
The rivers sing for very joy ;
The brooks shout like a happy boy ;
The ocean with its organ-voice
Peals grandly forth, " Rejoice ! Rejoice !"
The hills take up the joyous strain,
And mountains join the glad refrain.

And shall not I join in the song
That sounds the breadth of earth along,
That echoes loud from pole to pole,
That puts a girdle round the whole,
And is of earth its truest soul ;
I, who can know and feel a bliss
That far exceeds the worth of this,
That boasts a higher, holier birth,
O'erleaps the limits of the earth,
Transcends the vaulted sky, and flies
To where angelic chorals rise ?
Then sing, oh, voice, and wake, oh lyre,
And raise the paean louder, higher,
Until the earth with song shall ring,
Until the heavens glad echoes fling,
And nature all her powers employ
To shout the gospel, life is joy !



FFAR.

We know the dimmest star that studs the sky,
And only seems a wavering point of light
Against the velvet back-ground of the night,
Still is a glorious sun that burns on high,
Before whose beams the gloomy shadows fly,
As flies the darkness when, with radiance bright,
Our sun climbs up the dewy eastern height,
And through the gates of morning day draws nigh.

We, gazing through long reaches at the star,
By distance make a candle of a sun
And all its brightness lose, its glory dim ;
And so we, gazing at the Christ afar,
His near approaches likewise blindly shun,
And marvel that no radiance streams from Him.



REGOUPMENT.



“ The truth allures, yet foils my eager quest,”
So sang the poet, striving to express
The real we do not know, at which we guess,
Disquieted with yearning, vague unrest,
Whether still further to pursue were best
Or yield the search for what, when found, may
 bless

Or, like the deadly asp, prove pitiless,
And wound the while it nestles in the breast.

But not in vain he sang, for in his verse,
The truth he thought elusive as the air,
Forever just beyond his eager grasp,
I found imprisoned in the language terse,
Held with so firm, so unrelaxing clasp,
It seemed first to have bloomed in beauty there.

A COMPARISON.



The undulating sea is white with sails,
Which speed from every land to every shore
In eager quest of nature's bounteous store,
All canvas spread to catch the favoring gales.
No terror o'er the sailor's heart prevails,
Though tempests in relentless fury pour ;
The port is near when angry breakers roar,
The anchor holds howe'er the storm assails.

Our restless thoughts are like the sailing ships
Which spread their canvas wings on every sea,
But rest at length within some sheltering port :
Our verses, anchors, which hold fast what slips
So easily away from memory,
Of errant wind and wave the careless sport .



IN TIME OF PEACE.



The nation is not for a faction's use ;
'Twas not for this the people shed their blood,
'Twas not for this they poured the crimson flood
On fields immortal, where no halt, no truce,
Was called until the wild tide of abuse
Was stemmed and evil yielded to the good ;
And as they acted then, so now we should,
Nor yield in time of peace to methods loose.

'Tis peace, not war, severest tries a state,
For when war rears aloft its horrid head
A common danger makes a common cause ;
But times of peace, with luxury elate,
Breed weak indifference, and men are led
To think of lightly or despise the laws.



THE FRIEND.



How dear a friend to whom we may confide
The secret yearnings of the human heart,
The cares that make of life so great a part,
The hostile passions which our souls divide ;
To whose kind gaze our hearts may open wide,
Disclosing all, as in a public mart,
Where men display their goods with careful art,
Nor fear that he our weakness will deride.
E'en though his sympathy can not remove
The pangs of sorrow and the sense of loss,
Yet we e'er pray such friendship may not cease.
Of how much greater worth ought He to prove,
Who bears our burdens as He bore His cross,
And lights our saddest nights with stars of
peace.

PLAINFIELD STREET.



Before the houses, stretching wide,
A well-kept strip of verdant lawn,
Fresh as the breath of summer hours
At early dawn ;
Two lengthened rows of noble elms,
Whose over-arching branches meet
And form a nave of living green,
Is Plainfield street.

And over, under, through it all,
There breathes the sense of endless rest ;
The birds among the branches sing
That peace is best ;
The winds that ripple o'er the fields,
Broad, golden lakes of ripened grain,
In undulating melody
Prolong the strain.

Far from the scenes of madding strife,
Far from ambition's weary rage,
In sweet content life's current flows
From youth to age ;
And when at length death's summons give
To earthly joys a long surcease,
The elms repeat, in whispers soft,
The end is peace.

THE FOREST MAIL.



With shaggy mane that fell half-way to knee,
With foretop long and tossing wildly free,
With flowing tail that swept the dusty ground,
With hairy legs that seemed too large and round,
But which, beneath the hair, were flat and strong,
With ungroomed coat, abundant, staring, long,
But with a something in the flashing eye
That spoke of courage firm and spirits high,
With something in the tossing head that told
Of royal lineage preserved from old,
That spoke an ancestry from sunny lands
Where Arabs traverse the wild waste of sands
On horses treasured as their chiefest good,
Before the office-door the pony stood,
And with impatient hoof-beats pawed the ground,
And champed his bit and tossed foam-flecks around,
That fell upon the earth like snow-flakes light,
And on his dark bay sides in ticks of white.
A heavy saddle rested on his back,
Across which hung a well-filled leathern sack.
Beside the eager horse the carrier stood
All ready for his journey through the wood,
A tall, dark-bearded man, with keen black eye,
With face bronzed by exposure to the sky ;
Familiar with the sun and cloud and wind,
Wild nature had no terrors for his mind.

And near him stood his little son, a lad
Of ten, perhaps, with eyes as blue and glad
As summer skies, with long, soft, flaxen hair,
That fell in masses round a face as fair
As God's own angels are supposed to bear.
Impenetrable mystery hung o'er
The man. None knew from what far-distant shore
He came with wife and babe nine years before
To build a home amid the forest wild,
A cabin rude, where with his wife and child
He since had dwelt in peace and calm content,
His life with love and labor sweetly blent,
Until one year ago death's angel came
And called the bonny blue-eyed wife by name,
And left the growing lad alone to share
The father's yearning love and tender care
And be companion to him everywhere.
His life was like the folk he dwelt among,
Subsistence spare from crabbed labor wrung,
But speech and manners readily betrayed
The man for other sphere of life was made.
A gentleman among uncultured folk,
And like them wearing labor's galling yoke,
They could not understand. Why he should bear
The journeys long through weather foul and fair,
Through summer's burning heat and winter's cold,
Through forest drear, across the open wold,
To carry back and forth the weekly mail,

They sorely wondered, but without avail,
For on his past his lips were firmly sealed,
And naught of who he was or whence revealed.
The master came and spoke : " This pouch of mail
Must safely be delivered without fail
Before to morrow's hasty, fleeting light
Shall lose itself in the dark shades of night.
The mail is of great value, guard it well,
Be very prompt and careful. Fare thee well."
Into the saddle, then, the father swung
The fair-haired lad, behind him lightly sprung,
And down the path that wound through forest old,
Now decked in robes of scarlet, green and gold,
The sunset glories of the passing year,
They rode on through the sparkling atmosphere,
All day through forest deep, where light and shade
Upon the earth a dappled carpet laid,
Where trees breathed to the wind a blithsome tune
And laughing brooklets sang a happy rune,
A perfect autumn day, a day of joy
Unmixed with apprehension to the boy,
Who drank deep draughts of balsam-laden air,
Who dreamed the world must ever be thus fair,
With ne'er a cloud to hide the genial sun,
With ne'er a shadow till life's day was done.

They halted underneath a tall pine tree,
Anear whose base a streamlet chattered free
Along its pebbly bed ; around, the boles

Of sturdy trees, in white and inky stoles,
Rose ghostlike in the dusky air of night,
Solemn and still in the fast-fading light.
A fitful breeze soughed through the supple limbs
And set them playing weird old forest hymns,
A music soft and sad or loud and high
That trembled earthward or leaped to the sky,
Like harp whose chords with sadness softly wept
As pity's hands across the strings were swept,
Or like an organ pealing loud and clear
Defiance to all weak and earthly fear.
With withered leaves and broken branches dry
They build the fire, whose smoke and flames leap high
And weave fantastic shadows mid the trees
Whose branches swayed to every passing breeze.
They eat their humble fare, and make their bed
Upon the carpet thick the pines have spread,
The sky for covering, the stars for light,
The trees for sentinels throughout the night.

An undefined and vague but real unrest
Stole through the lad and weighed upon his breast
And chased away the downy wings of sleep
And made him closer to his father creep.
"Say, father," said the lad, with upraised eyes,
"What are those flaring torches in the skies?"
"They are the stars that look down from above,
All lighted from the torch of heavenly love."
"What are those wings which sweep the dusky air,

The wings of demons dread or angels fair ?”
“ No wings you see, my son, but cloudlets light
Blown by the wind across the face of night.”
“ What is that voice which ever cries aloft,
In tones now deep and hoarse, now light and soft?”
“ Tis but the wind which sweeps among the trees,
Now in strong gusts, now in a dying breeze.”
“ What is that sound, which tremblingly I hear,
Which chills my blood and makes me creep with fear?”
“ Tis but an owl that hoots the livelong night
And sleeps throughout the day, hid from the light.”
“ What is that thing which skulks among the trees,
Which stands erect and then creeps on its knees ?”
“ Tis but a shadow cast by our campfire,
That wavers as the flames mount high and higher,
And all your fears are but by fancy wrought,
Which magnifies the common objects, brought
By observation, into spirits fell
Escaped from darkest deeps of direful hell,
Who in eternal woe our souls would steep,
And all because we lack a little sleep.
Sleep on, my son, and with the night will pass
These dreadful things as shadows o’er the grass.”
“ I can not sleep. Some danger hovers near,
Or else my heart would not thus cringe to fear.
Invisible to us it fills this place,
I feel its wings brush o’er my shrinking face,
Its clammy touch is on my trembling cheek,

I hear its whispered phrases as I speak.”
“ You hear no voices save the sighing wind,
The presence which you feel is in your mind,
The clammy touch is but the harmless dew
Which silently distils the whole night through.
No cause is there to fear or grieve or weep,
You only need the rest which comes from sleep.”

The morning came in robes of gusty gray,
Dark clouds obscuring the clear light of day,
Clouds big with threats of heavy wind or rain
That soon would sweep with might o’er wood and plain.
In haste the meal is ate, the steed is brought,
The preparations made with anxious thought,
And all is ready for the start, when, lo,
At once, a mighty wind begins to blow,
A wind that howls and shrieks and roars and raves,
An angry sea of air, in rolling waves,
That sweeps resistless on and nought can stay,
That whirls the tossing leaves and limbs away,
Like downy feathers in a summer breeze,
And into naked poles transforms the trees.
A sudden dreadful crash, and prostrate lay
The lofty pine that, till this woeful day,
Had for a century defied the blast
And its green taper spire had upward cast
Into the bending blue, a landmark known
From far and wide. And now, though overthrown,
Like some blind Samson it died not alone,

For underneath the mighty trunk lay dead
The horse and rider. Life had quickly sped,
For not a groan and not an uttered word
From his brave father had the poor lad heard,
Who now was left alone, with grief distraught
At the wild havoc which the storm had wrought.
And still the tempest blew its crazy blast,
And still the trees cracked as it shrieking passed,
And still the sound of havoc filled the air,
Like roar of ravening beast roused from his lair.
Alone with death amid the groaning wood,
Alone with danger, like a Spartan stood
This lad of feeble strength and tender years,
To duty true, subduing all his fears.
The mail intrusted to his father's care
To the far-distant city will he bear,
Nor waste his little strength in useless grief,
But find in labor a more sure relief.
He bravely grasped the heavy leathern sack,
And, with great effort, swung it on his back,
And staggered on beneath this weary load
Along the tangled forest's winding road.
And still the tempest raged and still the sky
Was black with danger hurtling ceaseless by,
And still the trees, lashed by the maddened blast,
Across the road their branches wildly cast,
Or helpless bowed their heads upon the ground,
Scattering limbs in green confusion round.

And still amid this elemental strife
The lad, as if he bore a charmed life,
Walked safely on, until with woeful sound
He lay with broken leg stretched on the ground,
Caught by a falling tree, which tossed the sack,
He had been bravely bearing on his back,
Up to a limb, low-hanging o'er the way.

Faint from effort, wracked with burning pain,
His labors futile, death a certain gain,
His strength fast fading, still he only thought
How safely to the city could be brought
The mail, which had been carried at such cost,
Too great, indeed, to now be wholly lost.
He could do nothing more ; here must he lie,
Till worn with pain or hunger he should die,
To helpless watch the day fade into night,
To note the shadows flee at dawning light,
To watch the gleaming sun ride through the sky,
To count the trembling stars that beam on high,
How long or short the time he might not say,
But nothing more could do. Yes, he could pray.
The thought gave him a sudden, joyful start,
As if some being whispered in his ear
An unexpected message of good cheer
And bade him yet to keep a hopeful heart.
As Hezekiah spread before the Lord
The threatening letter of his enemy
That its contents He might more surely see

And read with His own eyes its every word,
So turned this lad and pointed to the sack,
As helpless he lay there upon his back,
And cried: "Oh, God, I've done the best I could.
I've carried thus far through this awful wood
The sack of mail, but can no further go.
You caused, Oh, God, the mighty wind to blow,
And you can cause this sack of mail to reach
The city's office by the river's beach.
Will you not hear, dear God, my helpless prayer
And cause it to be brought in safety there?"
And, as in answer to this prayer, the wind
Sank to a whisper and the autumn sun
Shone forth from flying clouds. The storm had done
All of the awful work to it assigned
And ceased as suddenly as it begun.

The child was satisfied, and on the sod
Sank with contented sigh, believing God
Had honored simple faith and answered prayer,
And that the mail, henceforth, would be His care,
Who called from chaos earth and sea and sky,
Who cares for all that creep and run and fly,
Who notices the humble sparrow's fall,
Who bids the lily blossom at His call,
Who holds the universe within His hand,
And knows each drop of dew, each grain of sand.
We smile at childish faith, grown wise with years,
We look with eyes, too well acquaint with tears,

Whose sight has lost the range of early youth
And sees the near at hand alone as truth,
Which can not look beyond the purple rim
Of the e'er narrowing horizon dim,
Forgetful of our younger, happier days,
When heaven was near and God in all our ways,
And when impossible meant only sure
To him whose faith was strong, whose life was pure.

A sound of flying feet among the trees,
A sound of baying hounds borne on the breeze,
Whose voices chord in perfect melody
And make a noble music, wild and free.
At first but faint and far, like distant bell
Borne landward o'er the ocean's ceaseless swell;
Now nearer grown, in louder, clearer notes
The hounds shake out the music from their throats,
As from their drooping ears they shake the dew
Swept from the morning grass which they pass through.
And nearer still, in one wild burst of joy,
They swept close by the fainting, wounded boy,
In hot pursuit of a swift-footed deer,
Whose flying feet had borrowed wings from fear,
A caribou with antlers large and strong,
Through age well-branched with many a sturdy prong.
The music of the hounds shot through his dreams
A golden cord, a shining silver beam,
As if he heard the songs of heavenly choirs
Intoned and interlaced through his desires,

And waking slowly from a troubled sleep,
In which kind nature did his senses steep,
He roused himself and quickly gazed around.
The mail was gone. Was then, in truth, the sound,
Which he had heard or dreamed that he had heard,
A message sent from God, the spoken word
That answered prayer? Had God at his request
Sent from the great white throne an angel blest
To bid to anxious care complete surcease,
And let him die, if die he must, in peace?
The child believed, such faith to youth belongs
And garlands utter loss with wreath of songs.

Close following the hounds the huntsmen came ;
The blood within their veins was all aflame,
And perspiration stood upon each face,
And nerves were tingling with the rapid chase.
Intent was each to gain some vantage ground,
Where he could view the country all around,
And where, perchance, the noble game might fall
Before his trusty rifle's whistling ball.
Tall, sturdy men of mighty brawn were they,
In woodcraft versed and every woodland way,
True Nimrods, who delighted in the chase
As did that hunter of an elder race,
And lived a life as bold and free and wild,
And yet with hearts as tender as a child.
Near by the lad the foremost hunter stood
Amid the tangled branches of the wood,

The steel rails beaten into summer heat
Beneath the swiftly whirling driving-wheels,
With noise that sounds like distant thunder peals.
The summit reached, with sudden burst of speed
The engine swept along, like high-bred steed
Which, down the home-stretch of the racing track,
Responsive to the jockey on his back,
Strains every nerve to pass beneath the wire
A gallant winner that no race can tire.
And still the speed increased. The pistons' beat,
Which rang at first distinct, like measured feet
Of slow iambic verse, now closely bound
Together, throbs in one unbroken sound ;
The flashing wheels become but rims of light;
The spokes of iron disappear from sight ;
The smoke in denser clouds pours from the stack,
And swirls in graceful columns swiftly back;
The steel rails hum beneath the flying train,
Like mammoth bees, a murmurous refrain ;
And earth itself seems under the rude shock
To stagger to and fro, to reel and rock,
Like some strong ship that breasts the stormy gale
When tempests o'er the watery waste prevail.
When suddenly the shrill-voiced whistle blew,
“ Down brakes,” the danger signal all hands knew,
And each applied the brake with all his strength
To stop the thundering train within its length ;
But still the train, by its momentum borne,

Swept on and struck and left, all crushed and torn,
The body of a deer, which in its flight
Had rushed upon the track. And then a sight
To call forth phrases of amazed surprise
And make men wonder met the gazing eyes,
For there, transfixed by sharp and polished prong,
And wedged among the antlers firm and strong,
A mail pouch lay, uninjured by the shock
That killed the carrier and made to rock
The heavy train. Such carrier as this
Might easily his way and mission miss,
An antlered caribou that fleetly fled
Before the hounds, and yet so well he sped
That he delivered to the only train
Which could on time the distant city gain
And safely place within its office there,
Ere wings of darkness hovered in the air,
The forest mail. And so without delay
The train proceeded on its destined way,
Bearing the forest mail that autumn day.

The autumn faded and the year grew old,
A snowy mantle spread o'er wood and wold,
And Christmas morning came, the blessed time
When sweet-tongued bells ring out with joyous chime,
When love abides and cruel passions cease
And hate is conquered by the Prince of Peace.
This morning to the forest office brought
A letter, with armorial bearings wrought,

Which sped from English town across the sea
To the great northern woods' wild liberty.
And when the master read the tidings glad,
Addressed through him unto the fair-haired lad,
The letter brought, he knew the mystery
That wrapped him round who slept beneath the tree
In forest depths. Between the lines he read
The early life the forest carrier led,
How noble birth and boundless wealth had done
All that they could for this their favorite son,
Had with ambition high besieged his heart,
Had broken learning's seal and plundered art,
Had spread the snare of pleasure for his feet,
In hope some way his capture to complete ;
But love, more mighty than ambition strong,
Than learning grave or pleasure's bacchic song,
Had sought and found and brought and bound his heart
And made it ruler of his every part.
To love alone he willing service brought,
Love was his life, all else beside was nought.
And this were well had heart advised with head
And glowing love with prudence cool been wed.
But love disdained the counsel prudence gave,
For love was master, prudence but a slave.
For prudence bade, among the maidens fair,
With one of equal rank and wealth to share
His noble state, but love, the prodigal,
Made fairer seem than high-born ladies all

A village maiden, pure and sweet and mild,
With sunny hair and eyes like violets wild,
Whose only rank by innocence was given,
Whose only dower, the purity of heaven.
The father pleaded, raged and stormed in vain,
For angry opposition could not gain
Its object, so he swore an awful oath
The son must either break his plighted troth,
Or leave his home forever in disgrace
And nevermore behold his father's face,
For disobedience dismissed, disowned
And disinherited. But love atoned
For loss of love, and in a faithful wife
The son found more than father's love through life,
And cabin rude with her was more than all
The glories of the lost ancestral hall.
The father missed the son, but stubborn heart
Would not relent, although the tears would start
Unbidden and the solitary moan
Break from the lips with sorrow pallid grown.
The years grew sadder as they took their flight,
For with the son had disappeared the light
That should have shone upon life's western slope
And gilded all its way with beams of hope.
And when at last his pride was overthrown,
And he would have recalled unto his own
The son, whom he in anger had dismissed,
Whose ministrations he had sorely missed,

He could not, for, as into blackest night,
The son had vanished utterly from sight
In the wild forest of the distant west,
And left no clue to guide the anxious quest.
And then there came, when every hope had fled,
The story how the forest mail had sped,
The carrier's life and death and mystery,
And in that lonely home across the sea
The father knew the carrier for his son
And recognized the work his curse had done,
An angry moment's curse that wrought through years
And grew a harvest of abundant tears.
But though too late to make the son amends,
The child he would restore to home and friends,
And so, upon this blessed Christmas day,
The letter came, safe o'er the journey's way,
That would disclose the name and rank unknown
And bring the noble lad unto his own.
And when endowed with earthly rank and goods,
Will he forget the prayer, breathed in the woods,
That God would o'er that awful storm prevail
And speed upon its way the forest mail?
Was this, indeed, an answer to the prayer
Breathed by the lad upon the listening air,
Or was it but the work of happy chance
That fitted time and place and circumstance?
Did trusting faith or simple chance prevail
To safely speed on time the forest mail,

And ultimately bring unto his own
The lad who else might have remained unknown?
Let truth be whatsoever it may be,
I tell the tale as it was told to me.

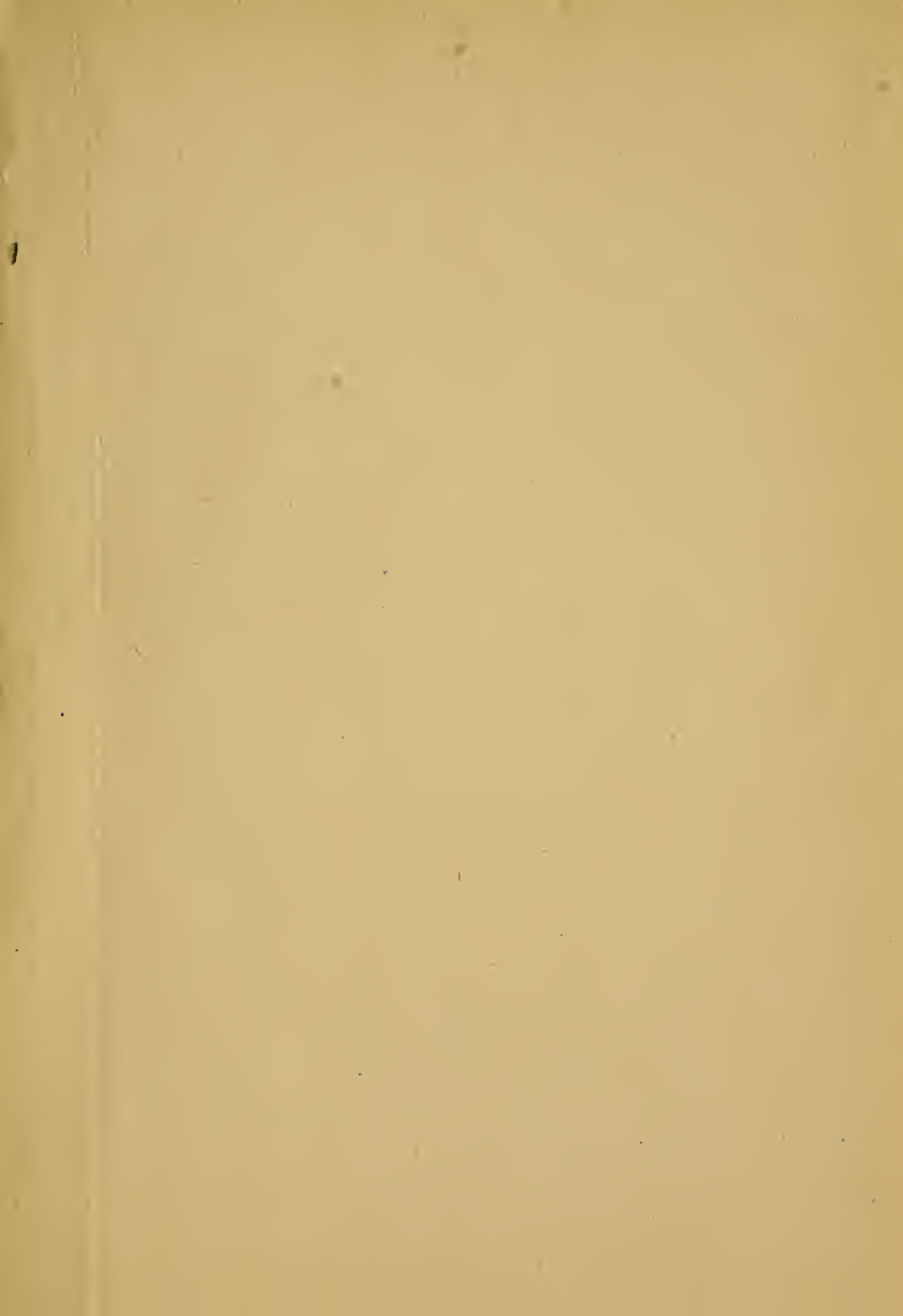
NOTE.—While these pages were passing through the press and after the explanatory note at the beginning of the work had been printed, three poems included in the book were written. The first of these, "Business," was delivered at a social held by the East Providence Business Men's Association. The second, "To Rev. L. G. H.," was read at a birthday reception given by the Haven M. E. Church to its pastor. The story which forms the skeleton of the third poem, "The Forest Mail," the writer had, in a modified form, from his friend, Mr. F. H. Carpenter. This poem has a slight foundation in fact, the most improbable incident in it, that of the caribou with the mail pouch, being literally true.

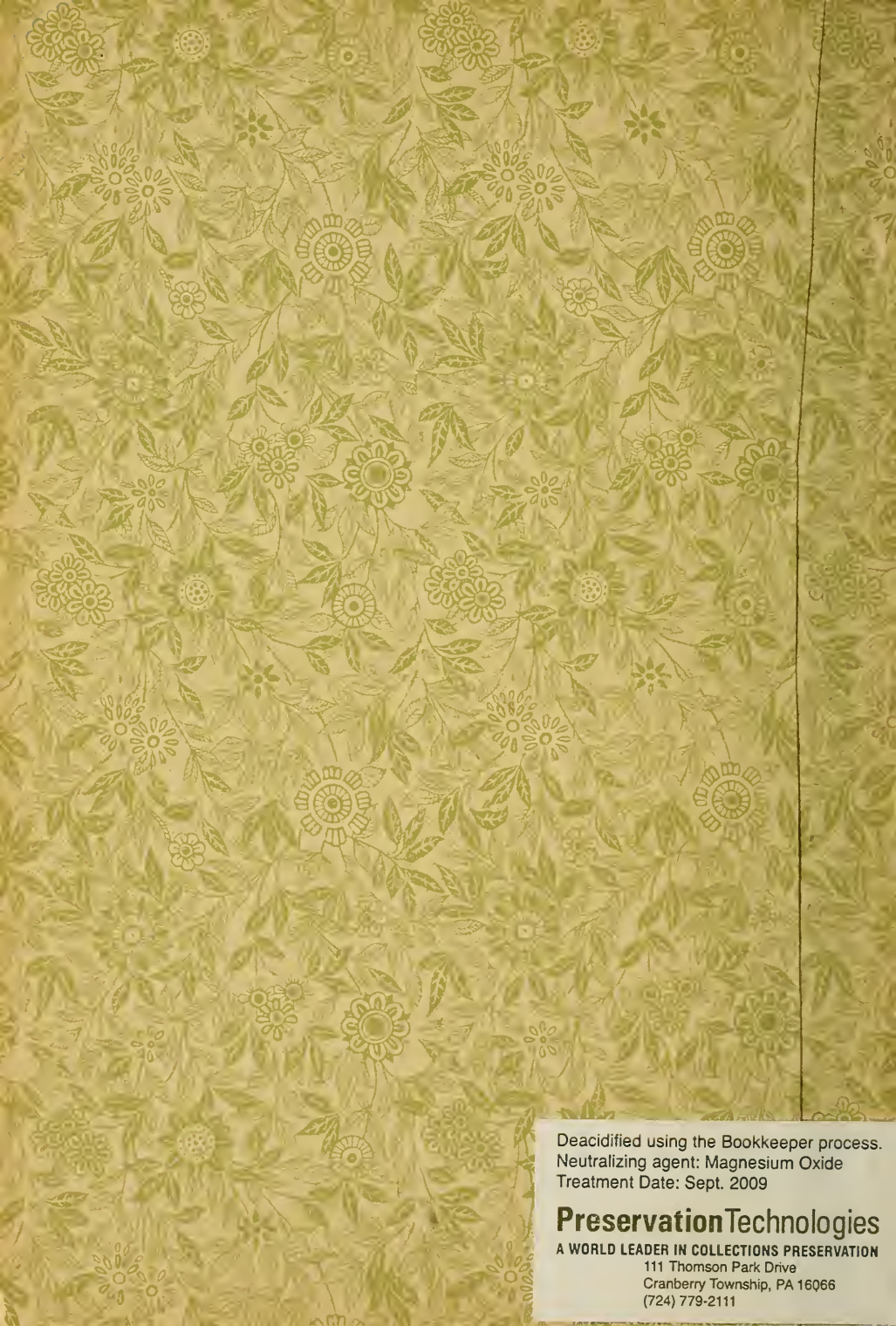
Errata.—Page 32, for "An even greater works," read "And even greater works." Page 67, for "But for gain," read "But for our gain."

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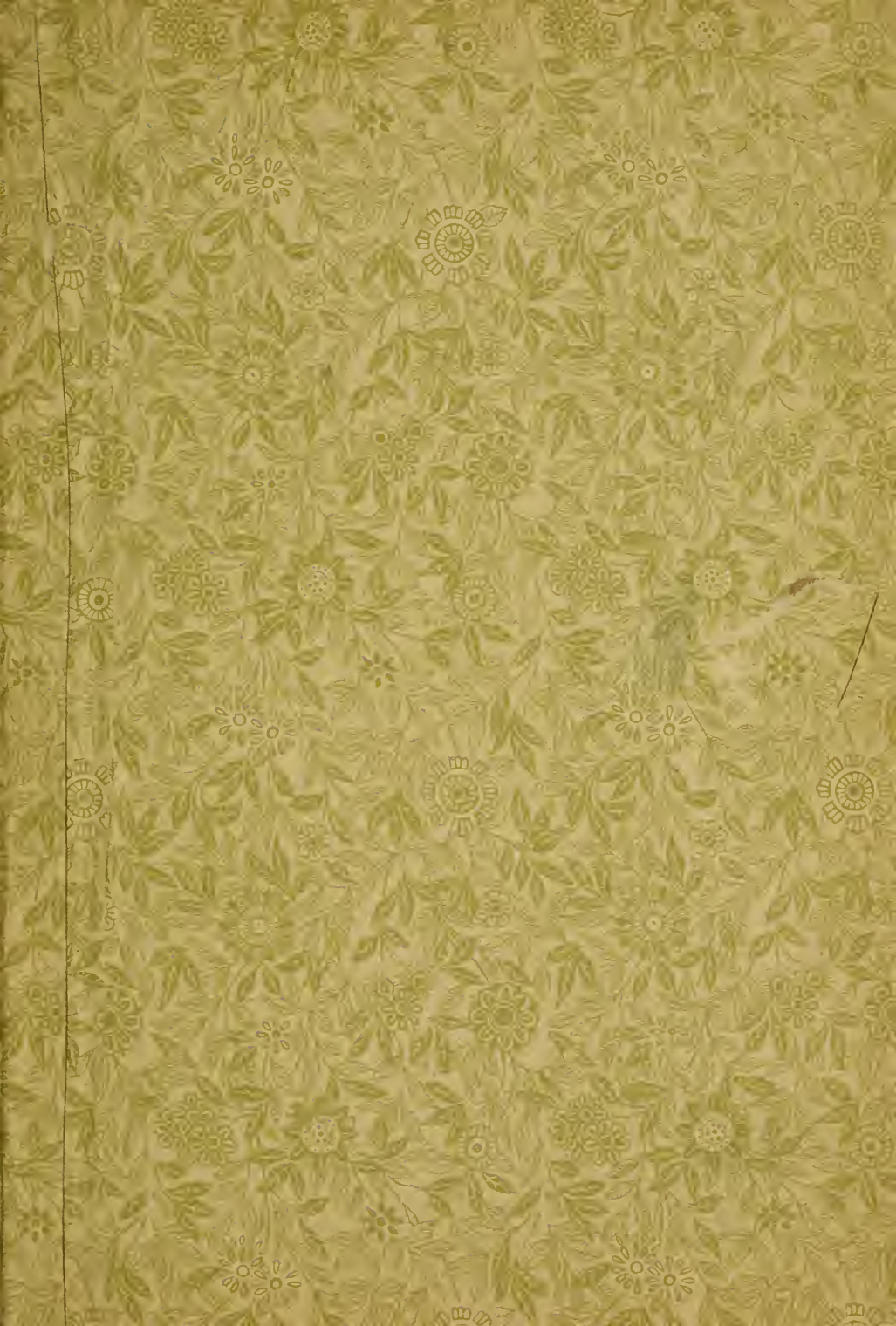


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